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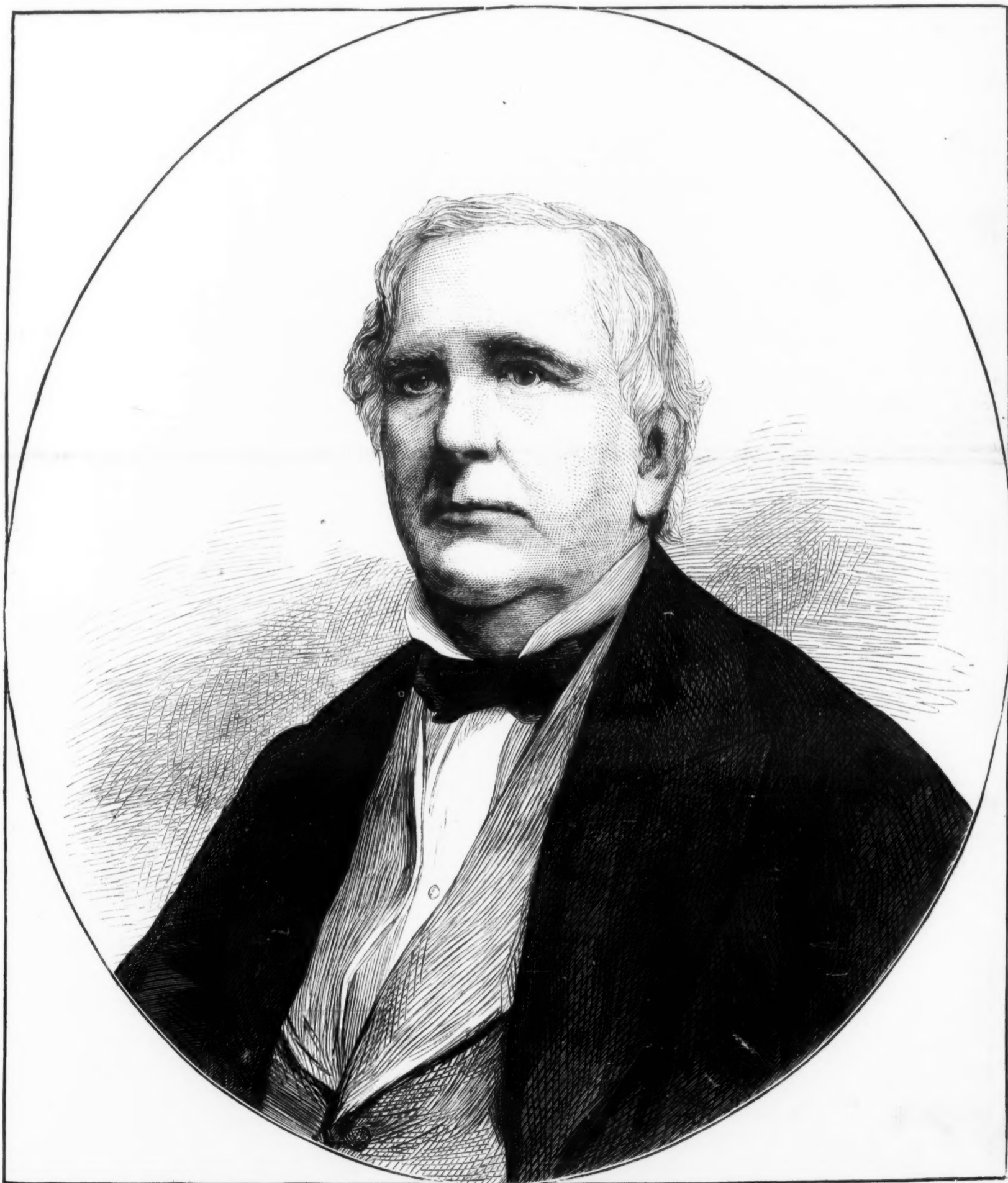


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HON. WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 285.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1873.

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CONSTITUTION TINKERS.

THERE are now before Congress twenty-six Joint Resolutions proposing Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Sumner leads off, to elect him by a direct popular vote, and to make a President ineligible after one term, and to limit his tenure to four years; to abolish the office of Vice-President, and in case of removal, resignation or death of the President, the Cabinet officer who is senior in years to succeed temporarily, but if there is no such member of the Cabinet the eldest Senator in service shall take the Chair. On this head there are various propositions, all looking substantially to the main result; and most of these, embracing the idea that the national elections in all the States, to prevent concentration and colonization, etc., shall be held on the same day. Other suggested amendments debar all Judges of the United States Courts from holding the office of President.

Another proposed amendment is to the effect that United States Senators shall be elected by a direct vote of the people, and if a vacancy occurs, to hold a new election, instead of permitting Governors to fill vacancies. It is suggested that no Territory shall be admitted as a State that has not sufficient population to entitle it to a Representative, according to the ratio of representation at the date of admission. Another would so amend that Territories shall have Representatives instead of Delegates. Another proposes to make all United States officers, except Judges and Court officers, elective by the people of the States or localities where the law requires them to perform their duties, they being subject, however, in their movements, to the heads of the proper departments and to the President.

It is attempted, also, to remodel the Supreme Court, by giving it original as well as appellate jurisdiction in cases involving the constitutionality of any United States law; and to spur up that slow machine by a proviso to the effect that, upon the application of any State, corporation or person, through the President, the Court shall decide, within six months thereafter, whether such law be constitutional or not; and if the Court decide against such law, or any part of it, the law, or such part, to be inoperative. Another amendment desires that this Court shall have appellate jurisdiction in all cases where the writ of *habeas corpus* will lie in the lower Federal Courts. Another proposition would supersede the Supreme Court by "A Constitutional Tribunal," which shall be composed of one person from each State, the States selecting their own members, who shall receive their pay from the several States, and hold their offices during good behavior, the number not to exceed thirty; and which Tribunal shall have jurisdiction, by original petition, appeal or writ of error over the acts and decisions of all the Courts in the United States.

Amendments are also proposed to do away with private legislation, such as chartering private corporations to carry on business between the several States, which discriminate in favor of classes and against the body of the people; also, to stop the wholesale distribution of the public lands by an amendment that these shall be disposed of, in limited quantities only, to actual settlers, for homesteads—mineral lands excepted. Another would so amend as to provide for a system of free common schools in every State and Territory. Others would provide by the Constitution how the Federal revenue shall be raised,

by forbidding excises, and imposing a direct tax, exempting State and public property and certain scientific, benevolent and religious societies, permitting a State to pay this tax in any manner it chooses, and to its own officials; but if not paid by a certain time, the United States shall proceed to collect it, in such way as Congress shall order.

In the same manner it is proposed to head off the veto power, so that on the reconsideration of a vetoed bill, a vote shall be taken on it in each House; and if a majority of all the members vote for its passage, it shall become a law.

Another amendment hits at Miscegenation, and would prohibit white inhabitants, male or female, from intermarrying with African or other colored inhabitants of the United States, and make void all laws which forbid the breaking-up of Mixed Schools.

This digest discloses at a glance the direction of a grave and great portion of the public mind, which dreads consolidation, and corporate alliances with Government, and frauds on the Ballot by a corrupt Civil Service, and land grants and subsidies, and executive encroachments, and National and State corruption in Congress and Legislatures, and the packing of the Supreme Court of the United States by Federal appliances; jealousy of Executive patronage, especially where the Judiciary are concerned, and not an altogether unreasonable apprehension that our American blood may be degenerated by miscegenation. It cannot be denied that these apprehensions are forced on the country by the outcrop of the war, and the manner in which the Administration of the four past years has been conducted. We deem this digest of importance as what may be called the Minority Indicator, though it is very doubtful if any of these suggestions, unless, perhaps, the One-term Amendment, will be suffered at present to become law.

But many of these suggested amendments are the voice of the Conservative Republicans of the land, as united against that remnant of Radical Republicanism, which can only be made to stand by fraud or the bayonet.

*Apropos* to these amendments. Why will not Congress consider the propriety of having seats on their floor for members of the Cabinet, so that these gentlemen can be questioned at all times on important current matters? This good reform must not be overlooked.

OUR TELEGRAPHS.

NOW that the Government proposes to monopolize them, our telegraphs assume a new importance. People naturally want to understand the value, circuits, and connections of this wonderful improvement.

Take, as the prominent example, the Western Union Telegraph Company, which is twenty years old, having a capital of forty-one millions, and one hundred and forty thousand miles of wire, and more than five thousand stations throughout the country, scattered in every State and Territory, except Arizona and Dakota. This Company, besides its President, Vice-President, Treasurer, General Superintendent, Auditor and Electrician, its General Superintending Manager, chief operators and the like, attached to its central office in this city, has, outside of this list of officers, and stationed at this office, three hundred and fifty employes, day and night, for branch service. Its total liabilities are stated at six millions, and its net profits, in six years alone, up to June, 1872, were largely over seventeen millions. Of this, over ten millions have been appropriated for the construction of new lines, and the purchase of necessary Telegraph property.

This immense network of wires stretches to the southernmost end of Texas, into the land of the Aztec, joins the cable, surrounds California, and pushes northwest to British Columbia, from its terminus on the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and it is now projected to extend it (overland) to Russia. These wires are operated through six thousand offices, which, last year, transmitted nearly thirteen million messages. The operators generally read by the ear. A good operator sends, on an average, fifteen hundred words an hour. By the use of a new invention, this Company is enabled to send two messages simultaneously, in different directions, and on the same wire. The wages of the operators vary from \$30 to \$120 per month. A complete record of messages sent is kept in every office, by filing the originals. These are preserved for three years, when they go to the paper-mill, with a man detailed to watch and insure their total destruction. Two wires are constantly working with the English cable, and one with the French. A circuit has been worked from San Francisco to Heart's Content, a distance of five thousand miles; but the longest circuit in constant use is from New York to New Orleans, a stretch of about seventeen hundred miles.

The chief growth of this business is in the West and South, where lines are every day erecting.

Then there is the opposition line, which is a combination of several lines, the chief of which are The Franklin, The Atlantic and Pa-

cific, The Pacific and Atlantic, and the Southern Atlantic. Of these, The Franklin, six years old, has a capital of \$1,000,000, with 750 miles of line, running by lines 50 miles apart, from New York to Boston, and a single line from New York to Washington. The Southern and Atlantic Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, connects with this line in Washington, and continues it along the Atlantic Coast, to its southern terminus, at Montgomery, Alabama. The Pacific and Atlantic line has New York for its eastern terminus, and sends six wires West and South to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, New Orleans, and so on, to St. Paul. The Atlantic and Pacific has a capital of \$10,000,000. It begins with a connection between New York and Albany, along the Canal route, thence extends westward, connecting in Nevada with the Central Pacific line; besides which, it has some 8,000 miles of wire, 1,000 of which have been the addition of the past year. Next, there is The American Atlantic Telegraph Cable Company, which has in immediate contemplation the laying of two cables—one in a direct line to England, and the other, by the way of the Bermudas and Azores, to France and Portugal.

The wildest dreams of poetry, the most ambitious prophecies, are more than realized, by the facts condensed above. Facts, how eloquent, how far beyond language to describe in their relations with progress of all sorts; in fine, with all which we call Civilization! These sublime results have been the work of individuals, unaided by the Government. What there is in the machine of monopoly harms no citizen, but benefits all, for the tariff is within the reach of most people, and is nowhere excessive. It is not for our good in any sense: that the Telegraph shall be surrendered to the Government on any pretext. In its hands it must be an engine full of danger; for it may send along its wires what it will, and suppress what it pleases. Its secret operators might plan mighty schemes of revolution, of which the people could have no knowledge, as in the case of a *Coup d'Etat*. Once surrendered to the Government, independent lines will be difficult, if not impossible, to establish. It is only by eternal vigilance that liberty can be securely guarded. The safest rule is that which looks at all governmental interference with private interests from an extreme standpoint; in other words, to regard it in its connection with possible evils, rather than through deluding pictures, which Consolidation and Centralization hold out, of power and magnificence.

OUR "COLORED BRETHREN"  
IN 1873.

THERE are \$500,000,000 of annual production due from the Negro of the South, who is two-thirds of her industry. It is interesting to look into his condition at this moment.

The negro population of the country is close to five millions, having gained four hundred thousand during the war period. Many of these are stock negroes, who have been localized for two-hundred and sixty years in our country, as family stock; others were brought in by slavers, in defiance of law, as late as 1860. South Carolina, West of Mississippi, West of Louisiana and West of Florida, are the great natural Negro States of the country. A pregnant fact bearing on the problem, as to whether or not the negro is vanishing by death, and other causes, is this, that the negro population, in a majority of the Southern States, outgrew the white increase, between 1860 and 1870. The negro empire is seated in the States of South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida. It is now claimed that negro votes have the power to seat in the United States Senate six Senators, and to secure twenty-two Representatives in the lower branch of Congress.

There are prominent negro schools in which the highest branches are taught, in Alabama, Mississippi and Texas; and lesser ones scattered throughout the South. The chief of these are the Alcorn University, in Mississippi; that established by the American Missionary Society, at Talladega, Alabama; the Athens School, at Marion, Alabama; the Lincoln School; the Swayne University, at Montgomery, and prominent schools in Texas. Some of these negroes have grown to be fair planters; but the mass are represented as lazy, and as much given to petty stealing. They generally ride, when going a few miles, and most commonly ride their own horses and mules. What wages the masses of these negroes earn is very much impeded by the traders, who shark up the most of it, in exchange for gewgaws and trifles, and whisky. The only profitable mode of labor with them seems to be on the co-operative principle, by which the planter furnishes the farm-mules and implements as joint stock, and the negro supplies one-half the rations. The negro is made careful of the mules by the agreement that he forfeits them, at the end of the season, if they are abused. The baue of the negro

seems to be little office hunting, that he may get rid of work.

There are thirteen negro journals in the country, established in Washington, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Galveston, Baton Rouge, Marysville, Tennessee; Montgomery, Columbia, S. C., and Brooklyn, N. Y. Three of these are religious papers; all the others are political and miscellaneous. The editors, we believe, are all colored. The *National Era*, edited by Frederick Douglass, is regarded as the leader.

Pinchback, the present Governor of Louisiana, is a quadroon; one Alabama negro is a United States Assessor; two were beaten for Congress in that State recently, and one came very near his election to the United States Senate. Many of these negroes are postmasters, members of the Legislature, lawyers and doctors; some are Secretaries of State; others, Congressmen-elect, of which latter we regret not to be able, at this moment, to give a list. The South Carolina negro is especially distinguished. In that State he rules the Legislature, and riots in Legislative jobs with all the greasy unction of a Tweed.

So far, the negro seems to be the victim of the politician, the priest, the carpetbagger and the trader. He comprehends his rights without an intelligent knowledge of how to use them. He is ambitious of social decency, peaceable, corruptible, modest, and has not worldly craft enough to be converted into a reticent conspirator, as he is apt to "peach" on all concerned, in such case. If the designing men would let him alone, as soon they must, there are in him good enough elements to make an average American citizen, on the "whole hog" franchise plan. The transition state through which they are passing, however demoralizing, will not, as we think, ultimately retard the moral growth of the colored race. Indeed, under all the circumstances—their recent slavery, and the tricks which the politicians play on their vanity and gullibility, duly considered—they appear wonderfully well. In a few years more they will settle down like other people, properly graduated in the ranks of labor.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

WE are glad that the *Tribune* did not fall into the fowler's net, and stultify itself, and disappoint the public, and degrade the fame of Horace Greeley, by tacking itself to a mere figurehead of any sort. As matured by Mr. Greeley, the *Tribune* is a national concern, a great journal, often a publicist, an independent power which, while it molded parties, never hesitated to criticize their faults and to declare for just reform within them—as it did in the case of the Cincinnati Convention. And if it shall adhere to the manly and patriotic programme which its Editor announces in his issue of December 23d, the *Tribune* will exist with the life of the nation, as the "*Tribune* founded by Horace Greeley," devoted to the progress and glory of the Union, and at war with all abuses.

The *Tribune* declares that it will not be neutral, but independent in politics. It will fight for Republicanism, Reconciliation and Peace, and for the advancement of American journalism. We fervently hope that the promises and wishes of its able manager may be realized.

SALTED JEWEL FIELDS AND  
BOGUS BANKERS—A WARNING.

AMERICANS are guilty of doing serious mischief to themselves and the world—and the root of it lies in our lax social life, wherein one adventurer, like Dazle in "London Assurance," introduces another adventurer, and so on, until finally the precious gang reach a solid social point—where they strike a business vein, and victimize the confiding world through names well-known, and which they thus borrow or steal as part of a conspiracy of some sort, engendered by these Jeremy Diddlers and *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. Our political and social life is pregnant with examples, illustrative of the way in which "references" and letters of introduction are managed. The very best business men often permit themselves to be referred to by worthless fellows; and Letters of Introduction from eminent persons are the stock in trade of many polished rogues, who thereby swindle, over the signature (it used to be) of Webster or Clay or Greeley, and now-a-days of men like them in position, into whose hearts they have wormed themselves by flattery, or appeals to sympathy, or by painting legitimate business projects full of honesty and hope to the unsuspecting eyes of kind-hearted gentlemen.

Two prominent illustrations of our subject are before us in the Salted Jewel Business, whereby Arizona was made, by swindlers, to seem to glitter, like a new Spain or Mexico, with ingots, jewels and broad bars of gold. The other case is that of the American Company, Bowles & Brothers, "Bankers," who recently failed, or, rather, collapsed their Policy Shop. In the former case the vast American mining wealth, which necessarily appeals to foreign

capital for development, receives a terrible blow at home, on our own shores. The Bowles swindle terrifies all mankind abroad, at the bare name of an American banker. The Diamond Swindle entrapped many classes of men, innocently, whose positions were sufficiently prominent to delude and defraud their fellow-men. Among these figure well-known experts and jewelers—and even our friend Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, and also General George B. McClellan, were, in a specious way, dragged into the affair. The result has been great loss to all purchasers of the bogus stock, besides a national disgrace which has set up a scarecrow in our wealthy mineral fields to frighten away that foreign capital upon which mining interests so much depend.

The Bowles affair looks to be simply infamous. The three Bowles brothers, who originated in the suburbs of Boston, started banking-houses in Paris, London and New York, a few years ago. They manoeuvred along until they impressed the respectable name of Mr. Nathan Appleton as one of their firm. These swindlers went on from one house of cards to another, until their soap-bubble was fairly illuminated by the best lights of Paris and London. As an example of their brazen-faced social game, they had the presumption to entertain several hundred distinguished guests at Geneva, in honor of the settlement of the Alabama matter, at a banquet given by Mr. Robert Bowles. On the 9th of last November the bubble burst, and with it vanished the all of many poor depositors, such as widows and schoolteachers, whose pittance and incomes are part of the wreck, as also large sums belonging to wealthy men, which, in some instances, were represented by letters of credit. Thus, three obscure men, utterly without means, managed for years to figure as great financiers in the large European capitals—swindlers from the beginning, as the published testimony shows; and the credit given to them grew chiefly out of the position of Mr. Nathan Appleton in the concern. How Mr. Appleton got there, and whether he was a general or special partner, remains to be found out.

These examples are full of warning. Those of us who have frequently traveled in England can recall instances, if our memories run back twenty years, wherein American letters of introduction, from leading editors and statesmen, have been commented on with wonder, since they gained the confidence of respectable families and business interests for genteel sharpers. Editors, statesmen, private gentlemen and men of letters are generally the easiest dupes to this specious class of adventurers. And the Delmonicos of the large cities seem to be capital traps wherein to catch "clever fellows," whose names, as they are told, "without a dollar invested," can vitalize and realize, for all concerned, the most magnificent legitimate schemes. Is it not time that this sort of thing shall stop?

We sympathize with our friend and townsman, P. T. Barnum, Esq., on the recent loss by fire of his Menagerie and Hippodrome. But Mr. Barnum is a real phoenix, and no fabie. Without intending to pun to an afflictive extent, we can truthfully say that his are the energy and skill to rise triumphant after every fall, to obliterate all Winters of discontent, and to bloom so suddenly in Summer glory that one does not perceive the acrobatic spring which gives him the rebound. Perhaps, even while we mourn for him, he is nearly afloat again, and stronger than ever.

## LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. VII.

### THE MEDDLING GOVERNMENT.

WHEN the stately Charles O'Connor thrust himself forward to help elect General Grant, he put on the gravity of my Lord Bacon, mixed with the airy graces of a *petit maître*, and, in the obscurest words of a pedantic dialectician, he told us that his dread of Greeley was, that Greeley was too fond of "meddling in government," while he, Mr. O'Connor, saw all sorts of danger to American liberty in what he styled "a parental government." But Mr. O'Connor has not risen to rebuke the Louisiana Usurpation! As the so-called head of the American Bar, and arrogating, as he publicly did, to himself, last September, Spartan courage in defense of free institutions, will he wait until the Louisiana case is practically settled before we hear his bugle-blast, or see the glitter of his very polished and almost dainty blade in defense of men's rights in a crisis such as this made in State affairs by General Grant, and which is one of those exigencies that the great lawyers of the world have illuminated, in all time, by their boldness, promptness and wisdom? While Philip thunders at our gates, shall Demosthenes be silent?

When the Sword and Purse of a free nation are in the hands of one man, then comes the beginning of a fast-approaching end. Whatever may be its result, the President unlawfully drew the sword in the Louisiana case. Now for the Purse. Let the Secretary of the Treasury tell his own story in the following pregnant extract from his Report:

"As the circulation of a bank is a source of profit, and as the managers are usually disposed to oblige their patrons by loans and accommodations, it can never be wise to allow banks and parties who have pecuniary interests at stake to increase or diminish the volume of currency in the country at their pleasure. Nor do I find the condition of things a law or rule on which we can safely rely. Upon these views I form the conclusion that the circulation of the banks should be fixed and limited, and that the power to change the volume of paper in circulation within limits established by law, should remain in the Treasury Department. The problem is, to find a way of increasing the currency for moving the crops, and diminishing it at once when that work is done. This is a necessary work, and inasmuch as it cannot be confined to the banks, where but in the Treasury Department can the power be reposed?"

Comment on this extraordinary passage is almost superfluous. It asserts that the Government ought to be the sole regulator of the currency—that the Government should have the power to increase or abridge the volume of currency as it wills. Thus, we see an imperial programme which is indeed astounding, viz., to surrender the matter of Internal Improvements, the operations of banks, the Telegraph and the Internal Affairs of the States to the Federal power—all of which seems cropping out on the threshold of General Grant's Second Term. Concession of power, like this asked for by Mr. Boutwell, to the Government, is far worse than can be the operations of speculators.

Something is rotten in Denmark! I do not wish to act the hateful rôle of Cassandra, to croak, raven-like, but I must ask, How does it happen that, as if by magic, CONSOLIDATION all at once appears its head, without disguise, among us, robed in all which is specious, as if by concert, from the Executive Chair, from the Post Office and Treasury Departments? How was this spirit begot; what inspires it? The answer is easy enough. It was begotten by War. It is inspired by Military Rule. It is not necessary to charge the worst designs against the Government because of its recent usurpation and Executive recommendations. It is enough to protest against the precedents which it seeks to establish, as fatal to our system of Government, and as the instrument by which the worst designs of Tyranny may be accomplished. That is enough for our case, for us who exclaim for Local Government under the Constitution, and for the free life of society in all the departments of labor and competition. It is easy to crush a weak State by Federal power—certainly force is a quicker mode of adjustment than is that of the slow, sure, reasoning law. It looks well also to found splendid Capitals, to make great works of communication by Federal strength between and through the States, to govern the Telegraph so that it shall be allied with the Postal Service. But the splendid monuments of Despotism are erected for ever over the ashes of Freedom.

Do we quite realize what is signally before us to-day of this imperial precedent in the Case of the State of Louisiana? By what legal right did the President intervene there? And for what did he intervene? Two competing State Governments presented their claims to acceptance, not to the Federal Government, but to the people and the machinery of the State Government of Louisiana. In aid of one of these Factions (of that allied with himself politically) the President inspired a party United States Judge to determine the vital point in the case, and then himself proceeded to enforce that Judge's conduct (which, in fact, was the President's) by the bayonet. The result is that Louisiana, exiled from our sisterhood, stands degraded before Congress to-day, waiting, like a slave on its threshold, to know what is to be done unlawfully with her! With her—a free State!

Is there any law for this proceeding to be found in the statute? The only law bearing on this case is the Act of Congress of 1795, and the Supplementary Act of 1807, by which the Federal power is authorized to aid a State Government (not to create one) in case of "actual insurrection" or of "invasion," where the State may not be strong enough to help herself. Now, Louisiana certainly was not "invaded," nor was she "threatened with invasion!" Nor was she in a state of "actual insurrection." There was no bloodshed, nor imminent danger which the State did not—from all that appears—feel strong enough to cope with. Her case was—to settle the claims of two competing Governments, by her own action. In this crisis, which himself brought about (though he was thinly screened by a United States Judge), the President draws the sword and virtually murders a State and creates a Government! After much diplomatic fooling, he refers Louisiana to Congress—a Congress which has no sort of jurisdiction in the matter—a Congress which is, in fact, the President himself—a Congress which rejected Mr. Cox's Resolution, which asked the President to report the reasons for his Louisiana action to the House. Unless Congress recedes, stricken by party terror, from this Blunder or Crime, or the Wilmot faction are retired by bribery, there is no help for Louisiana, unless we of the North protest *en masse* against her oppressors. Unaided, what is left to her but submission to the bayonet?

The blow which Louisiana has suffered is a wound and degradation to every State in the sisterhood. Her independence and equality are stricken down, and this is an outrage on all of us alike. Our people must never forget that what is loyalty to the Government during a rebellion is equally loyalty to a sister State when the Government invades her rights by usurpation. We are all parts of one whole, whose body is the States, and whose soul is our Constitution. Hence, in such a system,

"Whichever link you strike,  
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike."  
JUNIUS.

THE *Russian World* says the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg has notified Prince Gortschakoff that if the Russian troops penetrate the countries between Khiva and Afghanistan, England will be compelled to intervene in support of Afghan independence.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

MARY SOMERVILLE, the greatest mathematician among women, died at Naples, November 30th ult., in the ninety-second year of her age. She had been working a problem in quaternions—a branch of mathematics, both abstruse and new, of which many living senior wranglers have no knowledge—on the day of her death. She died quietly in her sleep, so that it was difficult to know when she died. Early in life she resorted for English students Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste," and Sir Henry Holland records of this work, in his letter to a recent number of the *London Times* that Laplace (without knowing, of course, that he was mentioning the same woman under different names) once said that he had been thoroughly understood in England by only two persons, and both these were women—Mrs. Greig and Mrs. Somerville. Mary Fairfax married first Captain Greig, son of High Admiral Greig, of the Russian Navy, an officer distinguished under the Empress Catharine, by whom she had one son, Mr. Woronzow Greig; and next her cousin, Dr. Somerville, by whom she had three daughters, two of whom survive. Mrs. Somerville has been a real benefactor to British science—her admirable physical geography has only just been chosen the text-book of the Government colleges in India.

THE house in which the poet Pope was born, and in the front of which his father, it will be remembered, kept a haberdashery's shop, has been pulled down. This building was in Flow Court, Lombard Street, London. There has been a haberdashery in it ever since the time of Pope, until recently, when it was occupied by a chemist.

ADVISES from Honolulu state that King Kamehameha V. died in that city December 11th. He was the last of the royal line, and named no successor, which leaves an interregnum, during which the people are sovereign. The Legislative Assembly meets on January 8th, when, it is expected, that body will nominate a successor of the late king. The *Hawaiian Gazette* favors a popular movement for the purpose of securing a free Constitution, and a revolution is expected.

BRITISH archaeologists are somewhat chagrined by the intelligence that our Metropolitan Museum of Art has purchased for \$50,000 the collection of antiquities from Cyprus, which is the fruit of excavations carried on for some years by General Connel, our Consul in that island. The *Saturday Review* says: "This fact, worthy of the attention of those who dispense funds for our National Museum, is the more interesting when we examine the collection which is to pass across the Atlantic." These antiquities undoubtedly possess great historic interest, presenting as they do certain varieties of style, among which may be recognized specimens of Assyrian, Egyptian, Phœnician and early Greek art.

THE Czarowitch of Russia, the heir-apparent to the throne, has been seriously ill since November 19th ult. His disease is pronounced typhus fever, accompanied by an affection of the abdomen, and the symptoms are considered of a grave character.

THE bill providing for the emancipation of the slaves in Porto Rico was read in the lower branch of the Spanish Cortes, December 24th. All slaves are to be free within four months after the promulgation of the passage of the bill. The slaveowners are to be indemnified for their property. Many of the deputies expressed their approval of the bill by cheers after its reading.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS—PERSONALS, ETC.

SENATOR LOT M. MORRILL, of Maine, has been seriously ill of late.

CONGRESSMAN LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, of Ohio, has been lying dangerously ill for several weeks.

SECRETARY DELANO partook of a Christmas turkey in Havana as the guest of the United States Consul-General.

PRESIDENT GRANT returned safely from his Kentucky visit to his father, and listened to a Christmas sermon in Washington.

SENATOR SUMNER has subjected himself wholly, during the recess, to the directions of his physician, with favorable results, it is believed.

SENATOR ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, President of the United States Senate *pro tem.*, returned to his home in Providence during the holiday recess.

GEORGE CATLIN, the artist, recently deceased, was in Washington last Winter, offering his six hundred cartoons of the American Indian to the Government. They are acknowledged works of art, and ought to become the property of the Government.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR E. D. MORGAN, it is positively asserted by leaders of the Administration forces in this city, is not a candidate for Senator Conkling's place, but is a candidate for Secretary of the Treasury, in the event that Secretary Boutwell is transferred to the Senate; and the same authority assert unqualifiedly that Senator Conkling will be re-elected.

SENATOR COLE, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, says that the Indian Appropriation Bill will be the first subject considered by the Senate when it meets. This is one of the bills which usually omnibusses numerous very expensive quaker peace-offerings for—Lo, the poor Indian. The bill will undergo a thorough analysis when it reaches the House.

THE New York *Herald*, defiant of the secret star chamber Crédit Mobilier investigation in Washington, has furnished the public with the entire official history of the transactions of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and the operations of the Crédit Mobilier therein, unavailing the secret doings of the Ames's, the Williams's, the Aikens and McCombs's, and startling the committee with astounding facts which they had never before heard of.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL, in a recent published statement made to the committee on Ways and Means, acknowledged that he paid the Syndicate 11 per cent. for money during the space of ninety days, and concludes his discourse to the committee, in answer to a question by Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, as follows: "I cannot see why we should pay 6 per cent. interest when we can get money for 5 per cent." The latter declaration being true, why did Mr. Boutwell pay 11 per cent. to the Syndicate?

"It is said," is a notorious Washington scandal-monger. The latest emanation of this unknown and irresponsible myth is that Assistant-Secretary Richardson, whom Mr. Boutwell sent abroad last Summer to "place" the United States Government bonds, discovered, while absent, that it would be a big thing to become the European financial agent of our Government in Paris; and, to that end, he proposes to resign his present position and enter the banking-house of Monroe & Co., Paris, as partner. This house, "it is said," is to become the Paris

branch of the great "United States Treasury Ring," represented by Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., of London, and Jay Cooke & Co., of New York and Philadelphia, and Jay & Henry D. Cooke, of the First National Bank of Washington.

THE Senate Election Committee, inquiring into the charges of the fraudulent election of Caldwell to the United States Senate from Kansas, heard the testimony of Mr. Perry, President of the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, who stated that he was satisfied, by conversing with a lobby agent in the Kansas Legislature, that Caldwell had some right to expect \$30,000 from his (Perry's) Company to aid his (Caldwell's) election, from what the agent told him, but the Company was not bound to pay it.

SENATOR CORNELIUS COLE, of California, member of the Post Office Committee, expresses the opinion, to the New York *Herald* correspondent, that the Postal Telegraph bills, simultaneously precipitated in the Senate and House, "are substantially the same as the old Hubbard bill, which," says Mr. Cole, "is a stupendous job, and ought not to pass." Senator Cole says he is "against giving the Government control of the telegraph." It places the private and personal business of the country under the eye of the political agents of the Administration in power, with the Postmaster-General at their head.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Park Theatre property, Brooklyn, has been sold.

J. K. EMMET is playing *Fritz* at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

PASDELOUP is also going to cross the Atlantic, and seek his fortune in the West.

At the Theatre Comique, the pantomime of "Ding Dong Bell" was running last week.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM, with all its effects and animals, was burned on the morning of December 24th.

MRS. GLADSTONE, who failed here, is meeting with extraordinary success in Melbourne, Australia.

TOM CARL, the former tenor of the Parepa-Rosa Troupe, has met with great success in Genoa, Italy.

AUGUSTIN DALY has retired from the management of the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia.

MANAGER DALY's next *coup de theatre* will be the production of the spectacle, "Cataract of the Ganges."

PROFESSOR SHOWLES and comic trick mules are a feature of the burlesque, "The Palace of Truth," at Wood's Museum.

"LES CENT VIERGES," a new, brilliant and mirthful opera-bouffe, was produced at the Olympic, Monday, December 23d.

"BROTHER SAM," at Wallack's, takes as well as "Our American Cousin." Mr. Sothorn's *Sam* is as clever as his *Dundreary*.

MR. LESTER WALLACK appeared at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Christmas Night, in two of his favorite pieces.

MISS EFFIE GERMON and Mr. John Gilbert appeared for the first time this season in "Brother Sam," at Wallack's, last week.

"HENRY DUNBAR," with J. W. Wallack, was brought out at Booth's Theatre last week. Mr. Edwin Booth acts *Richard III.* this week.

MRS. THAYER, for many years old woman at the Walnut, Philadelphia, had a \$2,000 benefit at the Academy of Music in that city on the 5th.

The revivals at the Union Square, last week, of old English comedies, were very well received. They were acted and presented acceptably.

In "Round the Clock," at the Grand Opera House, a new scene has been introduced, behind the scenes, during a performance of "Humpty Dumpty."

"NEW YEAR'S EVE; OR, FALSE SHAME," by F. Marshall, has been successfully brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It is a light, sparkling comedy.

The new plays, by Mr. Watts Phillips, of the "Great Duke of Marlborough," and "Amos Clark," are in course of preparation at Booth's Theatre.

M. GABEL has been engaged to make his appearance at Niblo's during the run of "Leo and Lotos," with Mr. Leffingwell, in the Gendarme Duet from "Genevieve de Brabant."

## SCIENTIFIC.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences Dr. W. H. Dall, of the United States Coast Survey, gave some account of discoveries made by him on the Island of Unalaska, where, in excavating, he has found the remains of seven ancient villages, together with knives, needles, and other household utensils. In a tomb near the sea evidence was found that prehistoric Aients preserved the remains of their dead by removing their viscera, stuffing the bodies with dry grass and drying them. The corpses were then placed in dry caves, dressed as in life, ornamented gayly, and covered with carvings, the most remarkable of which were large masks painted of different colors and ornamented with feathers, tufts of hair, and bristles of deer. Sometimes the bodies were placed in natural positions, covered with carved wooden armor, or seated in miniature canoes or arks, and equipped as if for hunting or holding a paddle. These discoveries were made in places which, it had hitherto been supposed, were never inhabited.

In *Le Moniteur Scientifique* Queneville for October, M. Zetterlund has a communication on the "Preparation of Alcohol from Sawdust." By boiling the sawdust with hydrochloric acid, grape sugar is formed. The saccharine liquor is fermented, and then distilled. From 900 weight of sawdust, 26 litres, or about 6 gallons, of proof spirit were obtained. M. Zetterlund states, that if all the cellulose in the sawdust was converted into sugar, 50 kilos. of the former substance would yield 12 litres of alcohol at 50 per cent.

PROFESSOR BOUSSINGAULT, in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, for August records a series of experiments, founded on the old experiment of the Florentine Academicians of bursting an iron vessel by the freezing of water, which fully prove that if the vessel in which the water is enclosed be strong enough to resist the expansive force of the water in the act of congelation, the water will remain fluid at the lowest temperature to which it may be exposed.

A new blue, approaching in beauty of color that of ultramarine, has been introduced. Metallic antimony is dissolved in commercial nitric acid, and the solution filtered through powdered glass; to this is added a weak solution of the yellow prussiate of potash. The precipitated color is then washed and dried.

THE *Scientific American* informs us that paper wheels, manufactured under a patent at Paris, are now largely used by the Pullman palace cars, and that they appear to give great satisfaction.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 287.



DENMARK.—AN EPISODE OF THE RECENT INUNDATIONS.—A FAMILY RESCUED BY THE BOATS OF A GOVERNMENT VESSEL.



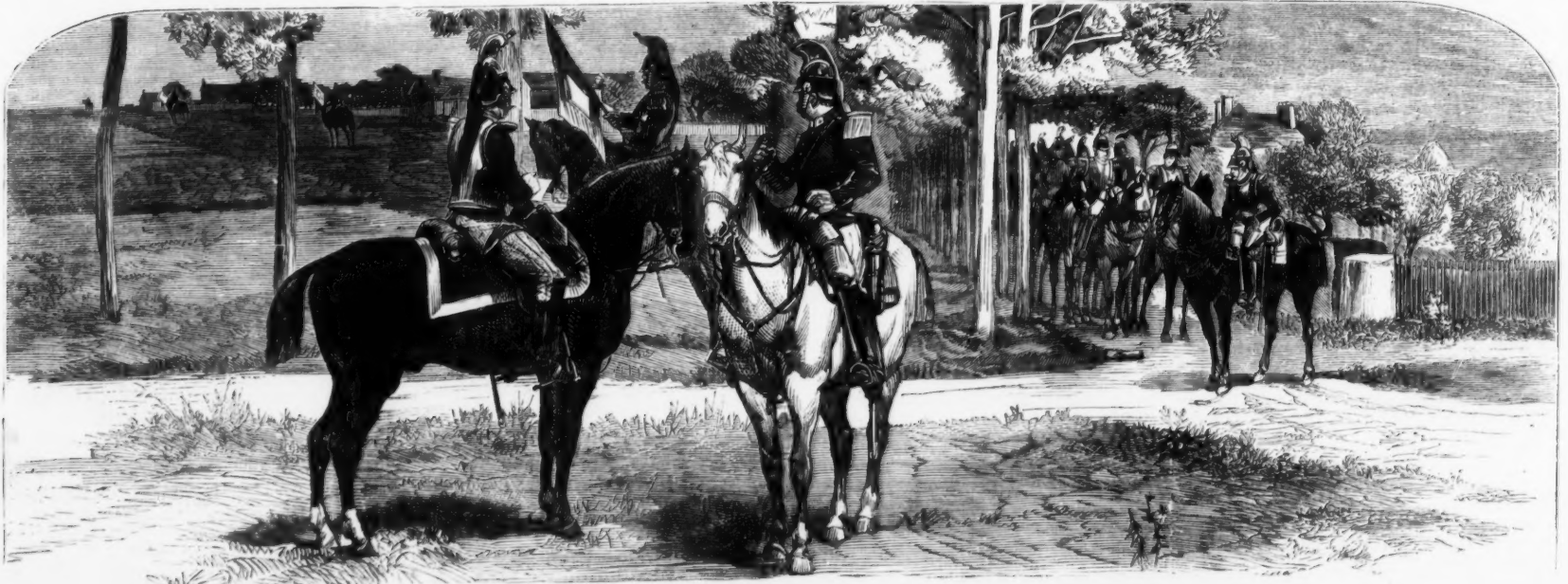
GERMANY.—GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SAXONY—THE QUEEN AND SUITE ON THE WAY TO THE CHAPEL.



DENMARK.—THE INUNDATION OF THE ISLAND OF FALSTER.



FRANCE.—RE-ENTRY OF THE FRENCH TROOPS INTO RHEIMS—THE COLONEL OF THE 79TH REGIMENT SALUTING THE POPULACE.



FRANCE.—THE NEW MILITARY TACTICS—TELEGRAPHIC MANŒUVRES OF THE 4TH CUIRASSIERS.

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NEW YORK CITY.—CHRISTMAS RECEPTION AT GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 51, IN WEST 44TH STREET.—THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAY, "THE SICK MAN CURED."

### CHRISTMAS AMONG THE SCHOOLCHILDREN.

WE present our readers this week with a sketch of an interesting Christmas reception, given by the pupils of Grammar School No. 51, in West Forty-fourth Street, New York, to its numerous friends and patrons. Long before the hour of commencement every available seat was occupied, and "standing-room only" was the order of the day. The assembly-room was tastefully decorated with a profusion of American flags, while from the walls and ceilings graceful festoons of Christmas evergreens were arranged in fanciful shapes and suggestive mottoes. A large platform was erected in the rear of the room, from which the pupils entertained the audience with numerous choice selections of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc. Our artist has given a sketch of a humorous dialogue, entitled, "The Sick Man Cured." The old gentleman, bundled up in blankets, is constantly telling his sons and servant, who stand by him, that he can't live long, between his backache and headache and sideache, while his powerful lungs would seem to indicate he would outlive his children. He is simply one of a numerous class in this world commonly known as "hypochondriacs."

Bernard Smyth, Esq., President of the Department of Public Instruction of this city, presided on this occasion, being ably assisted by Mr. A. H. Underhill, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Ward. Mr. Jasper, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, also occupied the platform. At the close of the exercises, short addresses were made by Messrs. Smyth and Jasper.

This school is what is termed a mixed one, being composed of 290 boys and 250 girls, under one principal, but each sex being under its own teacher.

The school is now in a most flourishing condition, and reflects great credit on its principal, Mr. Frederick W. James, a gentleman who, though young in years, is old in experience. Mr. James was formerly a pupil in one of the schools of this ward, and commenced teaching when but thirteen years of age, at a salary of \$50 a year. By hard work and perseverance, he has reached the top round of the ladder, and at the age of thirty-three conducts successfully one of the largest schools in the city.

### SOTHERN AS "BROTHER SAM."

ALTHOUGH the *Brother Sam* of Mr. Sothern bears a family resemblance to *Lord Dundreary*, it is simply a sufficient one to justify the five-syllabled word which Jonathan Rumbelow applies to the relationship existing between them—"consanguinity." He is by no means the same, or even a positively similar character. He may be a fop, but he is a fop with a considerable amount of brains. The fop

is decidedly a man of the world, and understands the ways of that world—the social world, as clearly as a man without any, or with small means, is necessitated to understand it, if he means to live at his ease in it. In fact, *Brother Sam* is *Dazzle*, *Charles Surface*, *Dundreary*, and a score of other comic characters boiled down into one, in a manner which, it may be said,

no living artist save Mr. Sothern could have achieved.

When this artist first appropriated to himself the original *Dundreary* of Mr. Tom Taylor, and made it distinctively his own, he created a new character. He drew it upon his stage-canvas broadly and clearly. It was unmistakably original. A striking success was the imme-

diately reward of the novelty of his conception. However, his first translation of the part was greatly inferior to his subsequent development of it. Year by year it has grown into consistency and finish, until now, its undoubted exaggeration is so completely harmonious, that it has taken its place behind the footlights as a typical charge of one of the leading eccentricities of English aristocratic society.

Mr. Sothern's *Brother Sam* is, however, entirely different. This character was stricken out by him, if we may use the expression, almost at a white heat. His creation, or rather adaptation of it, may almost be recognized as a genuine theatrical inspiration. The man who lives by his wits on the fat of this earth, in good, or, rather, in all manners of society, has never before been so accurately drawn. It is much nearer fact than *Dundreary*, although scarcely so strikingly and picturesquely original. Indeed, it is less an Englishman than an English-speaking type which might be a Yankee, if we were not compelled to recognize its nationality by its family descent. It is a study so completely living, that even the excellent manner in which it was supported by Mr. Wallack's company gives little to remember to him who has seen the play as now represented, save its central figure. As a strong individualization of character, it is, perhaps, inferior to *Dundreary*, as we have earlier implied. Its reality, however, in our estimation, ranks it beyond its brother. Either part is in its way perfect, and may be seen, again and again, without becoming less amusing or less worthy of continuous laughter and applause. It would be needless to say that the piece is placed upon the stage with the usual propriety and completeness which Wallack's Theatre was the first to introduce to the theatre-loving public.

### HON. WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.

MR. HAVEMEYER—the eldest son of William Havemeyer, a German who emigrated to this country in 1798, and became a foreman in a sugar refinery—was born at No. 31 Pine Street, New York, in 1804, and was educated at various private schools, among which was that of Mr. Wilson, the blind teacher. At nineteen, young Havemeyer entered Columbia College, where he graduated in 1829.

Mr. Havemeyer then learned, under his father, the trade of refining sugar, and, a year afterward, commenced operating for himself in Vandam Street. Here his great business qualifications—strict attention to details, frank honesty, and untiring industry—speedily secured him a high reputation in commercial circles. His efforts prospered, and Mr. Havemeyer accumulated considerable wealth, when, in 1844, he was forced, through circumstances, into politics, much against his inclination.

In that year Mr. Havemeyer was chosen,



MR. SOTHERN, THE DISTINGUISHED COMEDIAN, IN THE CHARACTER OF "SAM."

with James T. Brady and Gustavus A. Conover, a delegate to Tammany Hall, and at a meeting of the delegates was appointed Chairman of the Finance Committee. The onerous and not very agreeable duties of the position were so pleasantly and thoroughly performed, that he gained hosts of friends in the Democratic Party, who nominated him for Mayor. In April of the same year, he was elected by a very large majority.

During his term, which then lasted only twelve months, he distinguished himself by instituting several much-needed reforms, and notably in his regulations concerning the comfort of emigrants. His ideas on this question were so clear and practical, that, though his propositions were designed for the city only, they were adopted by the Legislature for the State. Ward's Island was planned after Mr. Havemeyer's suggestions, and he was appointed one of the first Commissioners of Emigration. His services as President of that Board were so conspicuous, that a nomination for Mayor was again tendered him, in 1848, as a true expression of public sentiment. In 1851, he became President of the Bank of North America, which position he resigned in 1861. Tammany Hall ran him, in 1859, as its candidate for Mayor, against Mr. Fernando Wood, the Mozart Hall candidate, and Mr. Opdyke, nominated by the Republicans. Mr. Wood was elected by about 2,000 majority.

From that time, until his recent election as Mayor of New York, Mr. Havemeyer has remained in private life, assiduous and prosperous in his commercial operations, and blessed with the good opinion of his associates and intimate friends.

When the Committee of Seventy was organized, he was one of its most active members, and conspicuous in every effort for reform.

Since his nomination for the Mayoralty, he has resigned that position. He was Chairman of the meeting at the Cooper Institute, on the 4th of September, 1871, when the death-knell of municipal corruption rang forth. His speech on that occasion was worthy of his reputation for unswerving honesty and truthfulness.

While we have expressed in our columns a preference for Mr. Lawrence as a candidate in the late mayoralty canvass, we cannot refrain from paying a tribute to the excellence of Mr. Havemeyer's private character and his unselfish public reputation.

#### BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.

**T**WELVE months before the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, bad blood had begun to show itself—even in good society. Not only was it causing strife between cousins and more distant kindred, but in many instances weakening the ties of affection in the family circle itself. Fathers were opposed in opinion to their sons; brothers disputed with brothers; and even sisters took opposite sides on a question among the fair sex hitherto unheard of. It was the question of Northern or Southern ascendancy—with the negro for its nucleus.

A dark shadow had come over the cottage hearths of the poor, that could not be kept out of the drawing-rooms of the rich; and into many a home, erst happy and cheerful, a grim skeleton was preparing to enter.

Places of fashionable resort were not free from the infection of these antagonistic ideas; and nowhere were they more rife than at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island. This celebrated watering-place, for long years a sort of neutral ground, where the best society of North and South had been accustomed to meet in friendly intimacy, became an arena of bitterness. It was a sad change from the pleasant intercourse hitherto there prevailing. The Northern youth bore it with a certain rational calmness; while the more impulsive sons of the South too frequently exhibited a temper the very opposite.

"But you do not mean it, Mr. Devereux? I'm sure you do not!"

"If ever I meant anything, Miss Winthrop, I mean that."

"And you would absolutely fight against the old Stars and Stripes? That flag, which—if it hasn't braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze, will—ay, I'm sure it will!"

"If borne much longer as it is now, I'd be among the first to drag it down."

"Oh, mercy? Where is your patriotism? Mr. Devereux, you offend me by speaking so. Do you know, sir, that my ancestors were among the first to raise that flag; and he can be no friend of mine who talks about dragging it down."

The two individuals thus differing in political opinions, were a young lady of Boston, Mass., and a young gentleman of Richmond, Va.; both of the best blood in their respective sections of the country; since both were descended from "Signers of the Declaration of Independence."

And it was far from being the first time that the handsome Virginian had held a *tit-a-tat* with Miss Winthrop—one of the most beautiful maidens of Massachusetts.

It would have sorely grieved him to think it should be the last—ay, cut him to the heart of hearts; for his was in the keeping of Adeline Winthrop, as he fondly fancied hers was captive to him. In this fond fancy he was mistaken, and little dreamed at that moment how near he was to discovering his mistake.

Feeling confident of possession, the last speech of the young lady nettled him. The emphasis on the word "friend" was significant of a relationship nearer and dearer; and pointed directly to himself. So thought he, and so thinking, his rejoinder, instead of being conciliatory, was tinged with a tone of defiance.

"Indeed!" he replied, pettishly, "I believe my ancestors had also something to do with the raising of that flag. What matters, now

that it is becoming soiled by rank abolitionism, and carried by your scum of Puritans—?"

"Hold, Mr. Devereux!" exclaimed the young girl, blushing red as she interrupted him; "you forget that I have myself Puritan blood in my veins. Though we may have changed far from the stern, simple standard of our forefathers, their cause, at least, was a good one. And was it not the same as that of the Huguenots, from whom you claim descent?"

"The Huguenots were gentlemen,"

"You do well to use the past tense, Walter Devereux, while thus speaking of your ancestors! I shall not be so severe upon them as to say their sons have all degenerated. There are gentlemen among them still. Yonder is one."

The Virginian turned quickly on his heel, with a black look upon his brow. He beheld a young officer, wearing the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant, and the uniform of the United States Artillery, a corps of which was at the time stationed in Newport. The officer was his own brother!

Strange to say, the shadow upon Walter Devereux's brow did not disappear, even after his brother had come up to the porch and saluted the lady by his side. It became darker as the conversation continued.

"I'm sure the lieutenant does not share your sentiments?" said Miss Winthrop, interrogatively.

"What sentiments?" asked the youth newly arrived.

"It's the old story between North and South. Walter says, if things go much further, he'd take pleasure in pulling down the 'star-spangled banner.' Nay, he'd be among the first to do it! You would be among the last—would you not, Harry?"

"Miss Winthrop, the button upon my coat should be a sufficient answer to your interrogatory. I'll stay true to the old flag, if it should lose me every friend I've got."

"Bravo!" cried the Boston beauty, springing up from her rocking-chair, and stamping her little foot triumphantly on the planks of the piazza; "there's one you won't lose by it—that's Adeline Winthrop!"

"Since you're so well agreed," said Walter Devereux, biting his lips with chagrin, "I can't do better than leave you alone. It would spoil the sport of such a pair of negro-loving lambs were a Southern wolf to remain in their company. Good-day, Miss Winthrop! I hope you won't make my brother quite so 'black' as yourself!"

A cry of indignation came from the girl.

"For shame, Walter," interposed the lieutenant. "If you were not my own brother—"

Walter did not wait to hear the threat. With a sombre scowl he had hurried down the steps, and on over the lawn in the direction of the "cliffs."

On reaching them, at the head of the sloping ravine, he did not go down—only so far as to conceal the greater part of his person. There, screened by some bushes, with an opera-glass to his eye, he remained, his gaze earnestly fixed upon the pair from whom he had parted.

Still darker grew his face—still whiter his lips—as he saw his brother take hold of Adeline Winthrop's hand, and imprint upon it a kiss.

There was no show of resistance. The soft, tapering fingers had been yielded.

With a dire thought in his heart, and a wild word upon his lips, Walter Devereux returned to his hotel.

Twelve months after the incident related, a military encampment stood upon the banks of one of Virginia's largest rivers, with the marquee of a general in its midst. Seated inside this was the commander-in-chief of the Federal Army; while standing before him was a young officer in artillery uniform, with the double-barred straps of a captain upon his shoulders. The latter was Harry Devereux, late lieutenant, just promoted for a dashing feat with his battery of light guns.

He had entered the tent in obedience to a summons, and, having saluted the commander-in-chief, stood waiting the word. The two were alone, the orderly who ushered in the young officers having retired.

"You are Captain Devereux?" said the general, putting aside the papers with which he had been occupied—"Captain Harry Devereux, of the 1st Light Battery?"

"I am, you sent for me, general?"

"I have, Captain Devereux. There is reason to believe that a large reconnoitring party of the enemy is halted not far off in our front, and it is necessary for me to be sure. It is of the utmost importance to ascertain its exact position, as also its strength. I want you to discover both, if you can. I've been told that you are well acquainted with the country around here. Is that so?"

"I was born and brought up in it, general."

"That is my reason for employing you on this duty," rejoined the general, "though some might think it a reason for *not* doing so," he added, with a significant smile.

The young officer bowed, but without making other answer. Had the general known the sacrifices he had already sustained by fighting on the Northern side—a complete ostracism from friends, family, and home—he would have had no scruples about reposing confidence in him.

Nor had he; for, without asking further explanation, he proceeded:

"You will take twenty mounted men with you—your own artillerymen will be best—and ride up the main road. Steal quietly out of camp, and feel your way with caution. Go as far as you can with safety, and have a care you don't get captured by a picket or patrolling party of the enemy."

Captain Devereux smiled assuringly.

"There won't be much danger of that, general," he answered. "I may get killed, but not captured. In my case, death would be preferable to being made prisoner."

"I understand you, captain. No doubt you

will act with due discretion. Get as near the enemy's lines as possible; and, after you have finished your reconnaissance, lose no time in reporting to me. Good-night, and God speed you!"

In twenty minutes after Captain Devereux had parted from the commander-in-chief, he rode out through the lines of the Federal encampment, twenty artillerymen, equipped to act as light cavalry, filing in "twos" behind him.

The sun had already sunk beyond the dark wall of forest that skirted the horizon; while the moon, in mid heaven, was mirrored on the broad bosom of the Potomac.

It was a night far from favorable for a reconnaissance, such as that Harry Devereux had been commanded to make. The clear moonlight would be to the advantage of a picket in ambush, and against a party making approach. And the moon, coursing near the zenith, flung her beams fair upon the road, along which the artillery officer had been directed to make the scouting excursion. It was a broad highway—one of the main routes running north and south through the State of Virginia. A little later, and the tall trees growing on each side would throw their shadows over it, making the passage more safe.

After advancing nearly three miles along it, Captain Devereux saw the risk he was running. Should there prove to be a party of the enemy in front and at rest, they could not fail to have warning of his approach. The trampling of his horses would betray him.

Thus apprehensive, the young officer halted his little troop at a turning. He was reflecting whether he should not stay till the moon sank a little lower, when a sound, coming from the opposite side, interrupted his reflections. It was the tramp of horses' hoofs, as of a troop going at a trot; and that they were armed men could be told by the clash of steel scabbards against the stirrups.

"A patrol of rebel cavalry!" whispered the sergeant at his side.

About this there could be no doubt. The direction from which they approached made the thing not only probable, but certain.

Halted upon higher ground, the artillery officer commanded a view of the approaching horsemen. As near as he could tell, they numbered about fifty sabres.

Though with only twenty men at his back, Harry Devereux did not think of retreating. Instead of being surprised by a picket, he was himself the party in ambush; and this advantage encouraged him to keep his ground.

The Confederates came on without fear. Knowing themselves nearly three miles from the Federal camp, they had no expectation of encountering an enemy.

They were only made aware of one when a horse neighed loudly in their front, the neigh being quickly followed by some half-dozen others, and responded to by the horses they were riding. And then, before the shrill echoes died away in the woods, they were taken up by sounds more indicative of deadly strife—by a volley from each side continued in straggling shots.

Several Confederate saddles were emptied, and the "cavaliers" in gray were inclined to retreat, when one who appeared to be their leader, and whose actions proved him to have the right, drawing his sabre, and standing up in the stirrups, cried, in a loud voice:

"Cowards! would you dare to retreat? I'll cut down the first that turns back on me! Don't you hear, by their shots, there's not more than a dozen of them? After me! Let your cry be, 'Death to Yankee Abolitionists!'"

"The same to traitors and rebels!" responded Devereux, as, with sabre sloped and shining in the moonlight, he spurred boldly out into the road, followed by his artillerymen.

In ten seconds' time the opposing parties were face to face; and, after a rapid exchange of pistol-shots, came the clashing of sabres.

It would have been an unequal contest—twenty against more than twice the number, and the combatants on both sides equally brave. But the first volley from the artillerymen, aimed with the advantage of an ambush, had thinned the ranks of the Confederates, and otherwise disconcerted them. When the strife came hand-to-hand, they fought feebly, and under a foreboding of defeat.

To this there was an exception—he who had pronounced the defiant speech, and led them on to the encounter. Mounted upon a powerful horse, he had shot far in front of his followers, and was looking for the leader of the opposing troop—as if the latter alone were worthy of his steel.

He had no difficulty in finding him, for Harry Devereux, as if stirred by a similar instinct, was searching for him!

Soon their horses, spurred to the charge, dashed against one another; recoiled from the shock; and then at the second meeting, the sabres of the riders, striking together, commenced their deadly play. And while sparks flew from both blades, that mocked the pale shimmer of the moon, their followers closed alongside in strife equally earnest.

The combatants, at first grouped together, soon spread into a wider circle, extending along the road and the broad waste that bordered it. Each with his own antagonist having enough to do, the leaders were left to themselves.

Between these it was in reality a duel—a duel with sabres, and on horseback! And with deathlike earnestness was it fought, each so striving to kill the other that not a word was spoken between them.

All at once came a pause in the combat. Captain Devereux, hitherto fighting with his face to the moon, and under a disadvantage, had spurred past his antagonist, and, wheeling suddenly round, obtained the superior position. With his sabre drawn back for a stroke, he was about bringing it down on the shoulder of the Confederate officer, when his blow was staid

as if his arm had been suddenly stricken with palsy!

The moonlight shining full upon his adversary's face told a terrible tale. *He was fighting with his own brother!*

"My God!" he gasped, "Walter Devereux! Brother, is it you?"

"It is Walter Devereux," cried the Confederate officer, "but not your brother; nor the brother of any man who wears the Federal blue. Dismount and strip it off, or I shall hack it from you with my sword!"

"Oh, Walter, dear Walter! do not talk thus! I cannot do as you say—I *will* not! Send your blade through my breast—I cannot kill you!"

"Cannot, cur! You could not if you tried, Walter Devereux was not born to be killed by a renegade to his country—least of all by a Yankee Abolitionist!"

"I'm *that* same," shouted a man on horseback, who had suddenly spurred out from among the trees; and simultaneously with his shout came the report of a pistol.

For a moment the combatants with their horses were shrouded in smoke. When it drifted away, the officer in gray uniform was seen lying lifeless in the road; his horse going in a scared gallop through the trees, along with a score of others that carried riders upon their backs.

The fall of their leader had completed the panic of the Confederates; and those still in the saddle wheeling to the right-about, went off in retreat. Besides a dozen or so killed, a like number remained prisoners to the reconnoitring party.

Harry Devereux looked as if he, too, had received his death-shot. Dropping down from his saddle, he staggered toward the spot where his brother's body lay, and bent over it with a heart full of agony. He had no need examining it, to tell him it was a corpse. A streak of moonlight slanting through a break between the branches, fell upon glared eyes and teeth set in the stern expression of death!

The Union soldiers, at the command of their beloved captain, gave the last rites of burial to the body of his brother. As they followed him back to camp, with hearts full of sympathy for his suffering, they looked more like men returning from a defeat than a victory.

In the Summer of 1866, the fashionable watering-place of Newport, though no longer the resort of so many rich Southerners, was crowded as of yore. The war had come to an end, and the weeping caused by it could not for ever endure. There was sorrow around many a desolate hearth, and in many a home, for dear ones that were missing, tears still continued to flow. But the bereaved did not show themselves on the shores of Narragansett Bay, amidst the joy there abounding.

There were no signs of sadness in that spot where Adeline Winthrop first appeared with Walter Devereux. In the same piazza where she had received the two brothers—one now dead—she might have been seen with the one who survived seated by her side. He was no longer a simple lieutenant of artillery, but the commander of a division of the United States Army.

And she was no longer Adeline Winthrop, but the wife of General Devereux.

#### A PEEP AT SHAKERDOM.

**T**HE world is full of contrasts, and perhaps the most striking of all within the compass of modern knowledge is that which suggests itself between the noisy whirl of our American life as it is lived in New York and our other large cities, and the monotonous quiet which pervades existence in that peculiar place, a Shaker village.

Surely, if blessed are the peace-makers, the Shakers must be blest indeed; for from one year's end to another their lives are peace. Though not "quietest" in the philosophical sense of that term, they are practically so to perfection, and such emotions as "excitement," such novelties as "sensations," are utterly unknown.

And they are as industrious as peaceful. "Work, not play," is the motto of the "dull boys" and duller girls of the Shaker community. From six o'clock in the morning, when the community arises, till nine o'clock at night, when it retires, the sound of useful toil is almost utterly unbroken. The motto inscribed upon the Shaker heart and Shaker life is, "*Laborare est orare*"—to labor, to pray.

And certainly this labor is well arranged and well directed, and this toil is all devoted to some definite and practical end. The professions, as such, are ignored, and art is unknown, while there is not an article under the head of fancy goods to be found within the limits of a Shaker settlement. But all varieties of carpenter work, farming, staple drygoods, necessary tailoring, such as it is, plain sewing, family groceries, etc., are done, and done well.

Certain species of machinery have been brought to a high degree of perfection, and in the line of the preparation of vegetable medicines, the Shakers have distanced all competition, and are literally masters of the field.

There are no drones in the Shaker's home; every man has his department—every woman has her specialty—every child, nay, every dog, cat, cow and horse, are in some manner utilized. The text that "he who doth not labor shall not eat," is practically enforced, and Carlyle himself, that "utility man" among modern authors, would be satisfied with the industry of the Shakers.

But there are two sides to everything, and even Shakerdom, with all its healthy peace and healthy labor, has its curse—the curse of monotony, of unnatural uniformity, of unvarying sameness. Each week is so exactly alike the week that came before it, and the week that is to come after it, that even the Shaker mind longs occasionally—being but a human

mind, after all—for a little change, a temporary break in the dull monotony of existence.

And, then, the two cardinal doctrines of Shakerdom are alike opposed to the very nature of things, and to the very principles of human nature. The Shakers believe in the community of goods—everybody owning everything and nobody owning anything—and experience has shown that such a state is alone impossible on a large scale, and is unwise on any scale.

As for their fundamental notion that marriage is a weakness, and that voluntary celibacy is the highest stage of human progress, it is sufficient refutation to reflect that, were Shakerdom in this respect to become universal, there would be in a very short time nobody left alive to be a Shaker.

There is also a very low state of intelligence and general learning among the Shakers. All the higher branches of knowledge are altogether neglected, nay, despised; and, although a few men, like Father Evans, have attained some notoriety as disputants, it has been only on the peculiar doctrines of the sect, while in all the most liberal branches of education and science the Shaker ignorance is profound.

Still, even Shakerdom has its pleasures, simple as they are. Chief among their recreations comes music. This, among the Shakers, is of a very primitive character, and the lovers of opera and the patrons of opera-bouffe would be shocked rather than charmed therewith. Yet, it has its melodies, sometimes slow and solemn and plaintive, ever and anon lively, martial, even semi-comic—and certainly the enjoyment which the Shakers evince on singing their songs, such as they are, is intense and peculiar.

Their music is expressed not in notes, as with the outside world, and lines, but in letters, written in various positions, on an ordinary sheet of paper. And when they sing, the men arrange themselves on one side and the women in a row on the other, and they keep time by a wild swaying with their hands and feet, sometimes with their heads, and evidently enjoy themselves hugely.

Then, again, they have their picnics in the Summer months—queer Shaker picnics, with plenty to eat, and plenty of water and lemonade to drink, but without a bit of flirtation—heaven save the mark!

And then there are the sleighing parties in the Winter—formal Shaker sleighing excursions: we dare not call them frolics. One sleigh will come along full of men, gray-coated, big-brim-hatted, sober-faced, all. Another sleigh will follow at a very respectful distance after, filled with drab-bonneted and white-capped and thickly-hooded women, with perhaps an old brother, or two old brethren, in front, to manage the horses, who have no bells, and jog soberly along, as Shaker horses should. There is but little conversation, and such a thing as a good hearty laugh is unknown. Its impropriety would convulse Shakerdom. And yet, who knows—although they have no Central Park to dash through, and would not dash through it if they had—although egg-nog and casino-suppers are abominations not to be dreamed of—although such a thing as a jolly upset in the snow would be impossible—yet, perhaps, even the Shakers enjoy a sleigh-ride.

## ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DINNER

TO THE

NEWSBOYS OF THE JERSEY CITY "JOURNAL."

THE veritable St. Nicholas could not have invented a more joyous episode for the celebration of Christmas than did the proprietors of the *Evening Journal* of Jersey City, in making a free gift of a banquet—for by no less a name shall it be called—to three hundred newsboys, most of them employed in selling that paper. The Jersey City newsboy is similar in his characteristics to those of our own great city of great newspapers; and, therefore, a good dinner, though not always obtainable, is always acceptable to each and every one of that class of little heroes. We do not suppose that any spectacle could have been so pleasant to the eyes and to the hospitable hearts of the proprietors of the *Journal* than that display of good fare and good appetite—the one always ready, we suppose, at the shortest notice; the other gotten up in magnificent style for the occasion.

The dinner was not a mere commonplace affair, but one which assumed the dignity and importance of a real Christmas feast, wherein there was roast turkey *ad libitum*, and puddings sufficient even for a newsboy's cravings. The boys were held in excellent prandial discipline by Mr. T. G. Neville, the pressman of the *Journal*, assisted by other employees; and among the several invited guests who were present was our artist, who sketched the happy scene. Major Pangborn, in response to the boys' tumultuous demand for a speech, said to them, cheerily:

"Boys, I wish you all a merry, a very merry Christmas to-day. The proprietors of the *Journal* all wish you a merry Christmas, and many of them besides. Enjoy yourselves all you can; eat a very hearty Christmas dinner, and be happy. Sell all the *Journals* you can, and make money by selling them. Don't cheat, don't lie, don't swear and don't fight; work hard and honestly, and by-and-by many of you will be able to publish *Journals* of your own. Once more, a merry Christmas, and good-by."

Which very good advice it is to be hoped the newsboys will appreciate as fully as they did the dinner.

## THIERS'S TRAVELING LIBRARY.

INSPECTION of a bookcase has been always supposed to furnish us with an insight into the genuine tastes and pursuits of its owner. We are supposed to choose and collect here the mental companions whom we most

affect, and who are kindred to us in creed, sentiment, or principle. But if this be so in the range of a library, it is considered that when we commence to electrify in that extensive field, what we bring away will afford still more definite and satisfactory evidence of our intellectual tastes. Hence it is the "Traveling Library" of M. Thiers that has been overhauled by the enterprising inquirer of our contemporary, the *Petit National*. The first work figuring in the list is Vauban, accounted for, of course, by the President's well-known concern in studies in cannon and fortifications. Then we have Plutarch. In how many volumes of biography have we been told that the subject of the memoir learned to become celebrated in the great instance by the perusal of Plutarch's Lives. The book strikes us as superfluous luggage now to M. Thiers; but there is an obvious picturesque propriety in placing it in his carpet-bag. Tacitus comes next, as the instructor of the historian; then Montesquieu, the teacher of the statesman; Winkelmänn, suggesting the artistic numismatist and gatherer of ancient and modern bric-a-brac, the United Code, Caesar (Commentaries), Molière, Juvenal, the Bible ("1 Vol."), the "Works of Bismarck," Adam Smith and B. Say; Montaigne, Rabelais, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Block's Dictionary of Politics, Paul Louis Courier, Voltaire, Rousseau follow. Here it will be perceived at once that M. Thiers is not only choice, but severe in his personal book favorites. Most of them are classics, and comprehend those valuable authors whom Lamb sneered at as writers, whose works no gentleman's library should be without. And it will be observed how closely the collection coincides with what we should have expected to find in M. Thiers's movable bookcase. This, we confess, strikes us as a rather suspicious circumstance. It is difficult to believe so very neat an anecdote as that of Shiel never sleeping without a copy of Demosthenes under his pillow. The story itself is open to objection. Unless the speeches of Demosthenes—like the American razors, which were so intensely sharp, that a purchaser placing one under his bolster at night rose up clean shaved in the morning—exercised their functions upon an unconscious object, it can scarcely be said to prove that Shiel benefited much by having snored over his distinguished b-d-fellow. It is nevertheless one of these apposite legends which people readily put faith in, because of its presumed probability. An eminent speaker in the House of Commons is reputed to be a diligent reader of Milton; with others Horace is said to be a passion, and Homer a weakness. Hitherto, however, no opportunity has been given to any one, apparently, of cataloguing the works with which Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Lowe may occupy their hours of leisure and retirement.

## AMERICAN LADIES IN PARIS.

A PLEASANT idea of the street manners of the "politest city in the world" is given in the following description: "American ladies upon visiting Paris are likely to be much annoyed until they learn the etiquette of the streets. They are liable to compromise themselves if appearing alone on the sidewalks without the observance of certain rules which time has rendered fixed and immutable. In the first place, a respectable young lady in Paris never appears on the streets in anything but a black dress, unless when with a male escort or an aged duenna. If in a white or light dress, her character is liable to be mistaken, especially if she should be young and interesting. Then, if she is without escort she must, to maintain her character, push straight forward, without looking to the right or to the left. If she should stop to look in at the fine displays in the store-windows, for which Paris is so famous, she must not be surprised if some of the young men who lounge around walk up to her, nudge her elbow, and enter into conversation.

"So also in riding. A lady seated alone in a carriage, either on the street or in the Bois de Boulogne, is regarded as reserving the seat beside her for any chance gentlemen whom she may attract. Thus, ladies who have not male escort either take their servants with them when they ride, or borrow a neighbor's child, if they have none of their own. To ride alone, would be to invite insult or offensive attention.

"The same is the rule in London, and almost throughout Europe. The fact is, that the more respectable classes seldom walk on the street. In London you never see what we call at home a well-dressed lady. Those who seem and undoubtedly are reputable are arrayed in plain suits of black, evidently intending and desiring to shun rather than court observation. A finely dressed female in London is invariably regarded as a woman of loose character. If she have no escort with her, and even then she must carry a very demure face, and her escort must not put on any foppish airs if he does not desire to compromise the character of his companion. But a black dress and a fast walk, as if in a great hurry, is the only thing that will insure for a lady alone in the street entire freedom from improper attentions or insults. The only finely dressed females on the street anywhere in Europe are those of bad character."

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN

ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Inundations in Denmark.

During the two days of the 13th and 14th of November last, a terrible storm, or, rather, a tornado, such as is seldom seen, except in the Indies, swept over the Prussian and Danish coasts on the Baltic Sea, uprooting trees and houses, and drowning hundreds of persons. As an illustration of the devastation caused by the storm, we will state that in Schleswig-Holstein, within a radius of 300 miles, where, a few weeks ago, there were fine and thriving towns and villages, there is nothing now left but a

heap of ruins. Thousands of families have been rendered homeless, and many of the fishermen have lost their fishing-macks. The worth of the property destroyed is incalculable. In some instances villages of a hundred houses or more have been so thoroughly destroyed, that not a brick, stone or timber remains to mark the places where they once were. We publish two thrilling phases of the inundations as witnessed on the Danish coast. The Government exerted itself in the most commendable manner in sending succor to the distressed and homeless unfortunates, and sent Government vessels and boats cruising around in the inundated districts to take persons away from where they had taken refuge, which was, as it happened, a tree, a house top or a rock—anything, in fact, that afforded a foothold and a temporary escape from the waters.

## Golden Wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony.

The golden wedding of the royal pair of Saxony was celebrated with great pomp at Dresden on the 10th of November. A gala performance, in honor of the King and Queen, was given at one of the principal theatres, and the religious services were highly imposing. The Dresden Press teemed with verbose reports of the magnificent splendors of the proceedings. Our engraving represents the Queen, on her way to the Court Chapel, descending the stairs leading from the Royal Hall of Parade. A deputation from the Leipzig University called upon their royal majesties and wished them many happy returns of the day. All sorts of agricultural presents were sent to the King and Queen, and were displayed in the Court. A huge procession passed through the streets of Dresden, and the festivities ended in a gorgeous ball in the evening.

## Re-entry of French Troops into Rheims.

The German troops, which have occupied certain departments of France since the termination of the war of 1870, to secure the payment of the war indemnity, have evacuated them at last, and France is free. Great rejoicings have taken place over the event in the cities, towns and villages in the departments; and parades, banquets, speechmaking and illuminations have been the order of the day, and have given vent to the pent-up patriotism of the people. Our illustration represents the re-entry into Rheims of the Seventy-ninth Regiment. The day was a rainy one, but large crowds gathered along the line of march, and greeted the appearance of the regiment with cheer after cheer, and the ladies showered bouquets upon them.

## Telegraphic Manœuvres of the French Army.

Telegraphing by signals was first used by the Austrians, with whom the idea originated. The French Cuirassiers have recently been experimenting with this system. It is a cavalry tactic altogether. Signal telegraphing is most useful in giving instantaneous notice of the approach of the enemy in force. It is useful, also, for a reconnoitring party. The education of the men in this tactic is, of course, easy enough; and even the most stupid could scarcely make a mistake, as all that the under-officers and privates have to do in transmitting or telegraphing a signal from man to man along the line, is to copy the movements of the advanced scout, who must be an officer of discretion and valor. Each man is provided with six flags, to each of which a distinct meaning is attached. The same flag may be made to convey many different meanings, by combinations of form, color, and movement. After every word and every phrase the horseman holds the staff of the flag perpendicularly before him; that is the position from which every new signal starts.

## GEORGE CATLIN, THE ARTIST.

DEATH is still busily occupied in the task of thinning out our leading names. Scarcely have we been called upon to record the sudden demise of the landscape-painter, Mr. Kensett, than another prominent artist is summoned from our midst. Mr. George Catlin, so widely known both on the continent of Europe and in this country, has breathed his last. As the man who had devoted the greater portion of his life to the perpetration of our memories of the Indian race, now so rapidly passing away from contact with civilization, his name deserves more space than we can give it.

Mr. Catlin was born in 1796 at Wyoming, and was, consequently, at the period of his last illness seventy-six years of age. His boyhood was passed in the Oquaga Valley in the usual employments and amusements of the children in the vicinity. During this time he received the rudiments of a classical education, and was subsequently placed under Keese & Gould, of Connecticut, to study law. He, however, did but scanty justice to his tuition, and, after being admitted to the Bar, and having practiced with small success for three years, threw away his law-books, and betook himself to the professional labors of a portrait-painter in Philadelphia. About forty years since he, however, became disgusted with his sedentary life, and abandoning the task of translating life upon canvas as so much per head and shoulders, betook himself to the life with which he was henceforth identified. For eight or nine years he lived an almost nomadic life amongst the Indians, having visited and lived amongst some forty-eight tribes. After this he returned once more to civilization, bringing with him a large collection of Indian curiosities, facts respecting their moral and mental culture, specimens of their dress and weapons, as well as four hundred or more paintings—many of them the portraits of distinguished sachems and warriors, and including in all some three thousand full-length figures. Shortly after, he published his celebrated work on "The Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians," illustrated with three hundred and sixty engravings. The success of the work was indisputable, as, in spite of its expense and large size—it being in two volumes—it ran through nine editions. The supplement to this work contained a vocabulary of Indian languages, showing their dissimilarity.

With no very pronounced talent as a painter, Mr. Catlin was eminently fitted for the task to which he had devoted himself, and will live longer in the artistic memory of the world than many men of far greater professional eminence. This is because he devoted himself specifically to one object, and bent his whole intellectual power, which was of no mean order, in one direction. At the same time, it must be admitted that he drew well, better than many artists of far higher rank, or, rather, with greater exactitude than they did, while he had, at any rate, the merit of being a faithful colorist. His success in the exhibition of his collection and studies in England, France and Belgium was very pronounced, and he painted for the French King fifteen Indian scenes and portraits, which, when exhibited in the Louvre, drew crowds around them. We have understood that an English nobleman offered to purchase his collection of Indian paintings and curiosities for the sum of £25,000, or \$175,000, with the intention of making them a permanent national exhibition. This offer Mr. Catlin unhesitatingly refused, because he wished America to possess them, and believe that they must constitute an invaluable gallery of record for his own country. Up to the present time no action has been taken by Congress or Government to fulfill

this object, although for some years the artist has almost annually applied to them. Now that the man through whose untiring labor and determination this unique collection was made is no more, it becomes possible that our leading men may awake to the desirableness of an acquisition, for which, while it actually cost Mr. Catlin \$20,000 and nine years of constant pilgrimages, hardship and unremitting toil, he merely asked the nominal price of \$50,000. Verily, it must be admitted, that in some few cases—liberal, nay, extravagantly liberal, as we generally are—we are the meanest of the mean.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The new Spanish loan of \$50,000,000 is entirely taken.

The Tichborne claimant has had to pay out \$20,000 costs already.

Thiers goes to Paris with his family during the adjournment of the Assembly.

The Khédive has concluded a loan of \$12,500,000 with the Bank of Constantinople.

General Grierson, the cavalry raider, is now Surveyor-General of Wyoming Territory.

The German Democrats of New York are reorganizing on the basis of the Cincinnati platform.

England has announced that she will, if possible, prevent Russia from making further advances in Asia.

The French Assembly, just before adjourning, agreed upon restoring the confiscated property of the Orleans princes.

Traffic in one quarter of Paris is now carried on by boats, the Seine having risen so high as to flood the quays, etc.

Kamehameha V., King of Hawaii, is dead, and the royal race becomes extinct, he having failed to nominate a successor.

The Emperor of Germany has granted Bismarck's request, and Von Roon acts provisionally as President of the Prussian Ministry.

Earl Granville has won the thanks of the literary world by opening the papers in the Foreign Office for their examination down to 1760.

The Italian Parliament is considering a bill providing that every male subject between 18 and 40 years of age shall be liable to military duty.

The Consul of Denmark in New York City acknowledges the receipt of \$3,451 for the relief of the sufferers by the recent inundation in Denmark.

The French Government has instructed the Marquis de Noailles, its Minister at Washington, to conclude the Franco-American Postal Convention at once.

The question of woman's right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments is on the road to the Supreme Court in five different States.

Mrs. SICKLES, the wife of our Minister in Madrid, has presented her husband with a son. It has been christened Edwin Stanton, after the late Secretary Stanton.

The Town Council of Downingtown, Pa., desiring to attract manufacturers there, have resolved to exempt the real estate of all new factories from local taxation for three years.

General von Steinmetz, who distinguished himself in the Austrian and French campaigns, and Von Bittenfeld, who led the Prussian right wing in the invasion of Bohemia, are among the newly created Prussian peers.

A DEMONSTRATION was made in Paris by 3,000 students, in favor of Professor Robin, a distinguished member of the Institute, who was struck from the jury list in consequence of his disbelief in the existence of God.

An influential meeting was recently held in Washington of leading Senators and public men, to aid the movement now in progress looking to the prohibition of all kinds of liquors from official receptions during the season.

The Buddhist nunneries at Wuchang have been suppressed, and the parents of the girls notified that if not claimed and taken away, the ex-nuns will be handed over to any eligible parties desiring wives; there are numerous applications for them.

The Baroness de Samuel, an enormously wealthy Jewess of London, and sister-in-law of Sir David Solomon, formerly Lord Mayor of the city, is about to marry a young English nobleman. The baroness is very old, but the nobleman is very poor.

General Banks stated to a newspaper correspondent that he belonged to the opposition; that he would call the opposition by no other name than that; and that the party, though it seemed very weak now, in a year or two would show surprising strength.

All the members of the municipal government of Nantes have resigned, in consequence of the removal of the Mayor. The Paris Press generally regard the step taken by the President in this matter as an indication of a conservative policy. The Radical papers do not attempt to conceal their indignation.

The German papers state that the American Press has greatly exaggerated the action of the Prussian Government looking toward the checking of emigration. The partial revocation of reduced fares for emigrants on the German railways is "required by motives of political economy and private interest."

Queen Victoria's favorite servant, John Brown, was taken, twenty-four years ago, by the Prince Consort, from his father's house, into the palace, a raw country lad, his father being a farmer with a numerous family. His shrewdness, honesty and good-nature have won for him his confidential place in the Queen's service.

The new Russian sea-going turret-ship, *Peter the Great*, recently launched at St. Petersburg, is 220 feet 8 inches long, and has an outside breadth of 63 feet. There are two large turrets, which are plated with 16 inches of iron, and each of the four guns she is to carry is of steel, breech-loading, with a 12-inch bore. The projectiles will weigh 700 pounds.

A CONSISTORY was held at Rome on the 23d ult. Twenty-two cardinals were present. The Pope delivered an allocution, in the course of which he said the Church was still sorely persecuted. The purpose to destroy her was shown in the acts of the Italian Government, which compelled the clergy to serve in the army, and imposed heavy taxes on Church property.

Mr. RISLEY, the father of Miss Olive Risley Seward, is to be married in the Spring to a California widow. Mr. Risley accompanied his daughter and Mr. Seward as far as California when they took their trip around the world. He there met the lady he is shortly to marry. He and his daughter Olive are now residing at Fredonia, N. Y. Recently he paid a visit to his old friends in Washington. He is a handsome, well-preserved man of between fifty and sixty years of age. He lost his wife the Fall before Mr. Seward's retirement from the Department of State. So fond was Mr. Seward of the family, that he had his physician from Auburn to attend Mrs. Risley during her last illness.



THE "LOUISIANA" SLAVE.

A DISGRACE TO COLUMBIA.—BY THE "POWERS" THAT BE.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

## LORD &amp; TAYLOR'S DRYGOODS HOUSES.

NEW RETAIL STORE, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND TWENTIETH STREET.

IN commercial importance, there is no city which, at the present day, ranks New York; and when in consideration is taken its age, and the hampering influence of the Government previous to the Revolutionary War, its growth, progress, prosperity and wealth are marvelous beyond marvel, and place the "Great Metropolis," comparatively, above any other city on the globe.

The popularity of their house continuing to grow with each succeeding year, in October, 1853, they occupied the commodious building comprising Nos. 255 to 261 Grand, corner of Chrystie Street; at that time built and appointed on a scale of such extraordinary magnificence as to awaken doubt and mistrust, in the minds of the timid, staid and cautious, of the ability of the firm to sustain itself. But the result vindicated the sagacity of the projectors.

Continued increase of business necessitating additional room, in September, 1856, Messrs. Lord & Taylor opened another store in their spacious and elegant building, corner of Broad-

This new architectural structure is princely in design and appointment, and well worthy the use of the merchant-princes of Gotham. It is more nearly in the style of the *Renaissance* than of any other distinct architectural school; but in every particular it is modified to the practical convenience of modern necessity. The Broadway front of the building is 127 feet in extent, and in depth it is 153 feet. The corner of Broadway and Twentieth Street is cut off diagonally, giving an excellent opportunity for a display-window, looking toward the northeast. Stately pillars mark the junction of the diagonal surface with the main sides of the building, and at this point it runs up in a

hall of the first floor, 18 feet in height, and covering an area of more than 13,000 feet of flooring. Counters of polished walnut, cut off at each end for a passageway, and divided in the centre by a wide, elegant corridor, extend from end to end of this hall; and here may be found, in drygoods, specimens of the wealth of all the world—silks, laces, cashmeres and linens, besides our own domestic products in infinite variety. In the rear is the private office of the partners—a luxurious, semi-Oriental, semi-Gothic structure, lighted by skylight, and protected all around from the eyes of the inquisitive by stout panels of polished woods. This is the peculiar sanctum, not of



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING DAY AT LORD &amp; TAYLOR'S STORE, BROADWAY AND TWENTIETH STREET—LADIES ASCENDING IN THE ELEVATOR.

Among the many business-houses which have grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength, there is not one that more perfectly exemplifies and illustrates the commercial sagacity, energy and enterprise which have combined to give to New York city its distinctive character than that of the well-known firm of

LORD &amp; TAYLOR.

Commencing business, in the first instance, in 1833, at No. 39—then 63—Catharine Street, these gentlemen soon found, from the rapid increase of their patronage, that enlarged accommodations were necessary, and accordingly secured No. 61 of the same street.

way and Grand Streets, extending from No. 461 to 467 Broadway, and in depth, almost half a block on Grand Street.

This was known as one of the most fashionable, reliable and agreeable houses, in every respect, in the city; but the tide of practical improvement setting up-town, and the continued demand of the public upon them for increased facilities, Lord & Taylor were compelled to yield, and the result was their large, commodious and elegant retail store on the corner of Broadway and Twentieth Street, making one of the three gigantic commercial establishments now the property of this celebrated firm.

highly ornamented turret, towering 122 feet above the ground, crowned with an iron railing and a tall flagstaff. This beautiful turret is one of the most prominent features of Broadway, viewed from the north.

Over the splendid entrance on the Broadway side, handsome pillars run up to the height of two stories, forming an arch similar to that over the entrance to their wholesale store, corner of Broadway and Grand Street. Under this is an oval porch 18 feet in height, 27 in width, and 12 feet deep, paved with colored marble, after the style of flooring in ancient palaces in Europe. Through wide and massive plate-glass doors, the visitor enters the grand

room who love ease, but of men who hold the everyday business of life as duty, and who have elevated duty into pleasure.

One of the most delightful features on this floor is the subject of the illustration on this page,

## THE ELEVATOR,

representing a scene in the last grand FALL EXHIBITION at this house. The elevator is worked by steam; is capable of holding twenty persons, and at the last OPENING it is computed that not less than 10,000 ladies were conveyed up and down, during the three days, from the first to the fifth floor and back. It

operates with perfect ease and safety; is as luxurious as the grand saloon of first-class steamboats, and is a saving of strength in shopping altogether incalculable to any one outside of a city, in which altitude, rather than ground-space, is the principal architectural consideration.

We cannot in this article go into a detailed account of Lord & Taylor's store, in its furnishing and other departments, but will simply say, each in itself is complete, ranging over six floors, from the basement to the work-room in the fifth story.

Since the organization of the firm, five of the partners have retired with ample fortunes, to make room for younger men, thus affording opportunities for others to profit by the experience and success of the house. The present proprietors are all young men. Mr. GEORGE W. T. LORD, the senior partner, is not more than 39 years of age; Mr. SAMUEL LORD, JR., is about 23; Mr. T. VARKER is 45; and Mr. JOHN W. WARRIN, the chief superintendent, is about 34. And in no house could be found more thorough gentlemen, or more just, generous and pleasant merchants. It is a one-price house, and a requirement of its employés is, that no one shall be overlooked or neglected who may honor the house with patronage.

## BEFORE SUNSET.

IN the lower lands of day,  
On the hither side of night,  
There is nothing that will stay,  
There are all things soft to sight;  
Lighted shade and shadow light  
In the wayside and the way,  
Hours the sun has spared to smite,  
Flowers the rain has left to play.  
Shall those hours run down and say  
No good thing of thee and me?  
Time that made us and will slay  
Laughs at love in me and thee;  
But if here the flowers may see  
One whole hour of amorous breath,  
Time shall die, and love shall be  
Lord as time was over death.

## "WRECKED!"

### OR, THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—THE NAMESAKE OF A KING.

THE hostile cur was becoming so accustomed to the sight of the notary entering in at the swinging gate, that when he appeared there on the afternoon of the day on which madame had obtained a glimpse of his suspected *arrière-pensée*, he made no other demonstration of war than a faint howl and lazy displaying of his teeth, as he lay basking in the sunlight on the top of the antiquated and tumble-down porch. Toine and Trois, the huge oxen, were standing patiently yoked to the rude plow, which, as the long furrows, light and sweet-smelling, in a neighboring field proclaimed, had just been in use; but their owner was not in sight, as the notary glanced keenly round in order to ascertain the fact.

In the field a procession of crows hopped gravely over the freshly turned earth in an earnest search for worms, which they concealed, however, under an air of dignified meditation, which caused them to resemble a band of philosophers and savans enjoying a constitutional. Some hand had been at work straightening the vine-poles in the vineyard; a brood of chickens, like small golden balls, ran hither and thither under the anxious care of a large and matronly hen; and, hardly visible in the dazzling sky, a hawk wheeled silently round and round, waiting for the auspicious moment to pounce on one of the brood. From under the gables of the house a pair of swallows darted, quivering their shining wings in the sunlight, pirouetting in the air like winged ballet-dancers, but, suddenly aware of the hovering hawk, betook themselves again to their secure home in the shadow of the widely projecting eaves. A band of pigeons strutted under the feet of the oxen, filling the air with their soft and drowsy cooing, and François, the eldest hope of the house, sat upon the ground, playing at dominoes with his youngest brother, who, with the air of an imbecile, was yet cheating him with admirable dexterity.

They looked up as the notary approached, and François scrambled to his feet, bestowing at the same moment a hearty cuff on his brother, who took the opportunity of pocketing the heap of nuts for which they had been playing.

"Good-day, my dear children," said the notary, urbanely. "Is my friend, your father, in the house at this moment?"

"Monsieur may be assured of it. Behold Toine and Trois, who await his coming forth from the house, where at this instant he reposes himself. Oh, villain! restore those nuts thou hast purloined, brigand that thou art!"

This speech was punctuated by hearty blows bestowed on his brother, who whimpered dolorously, but clung tenaciously to the spoils. He was an attenuated child, with an air of cunning that lent his sharp features the look of a goblin, and a rapacious glitter in his sunken eyes truly abominable.

The notary gazed at him curiously while whining monotonously, and mechanically the urchin returned the glance with one equally penetrating.

"Monsieur will have the benevolence to excuse Tarquin, but he is a veritable brigand. That franc which monsieur had the benevolence to bestow upon us, he assumed to himself and concealed—where? Ah, no one knows!"

A glimmer of intense satisfaction passed over the countenance of the namesake of the Roman king, but he whimpered, with a truly admirable air of innocence, and rubbed his

thin and flexible nose on the cuff of his tattered blouse.

"A lad of promise," said the notary, with a grim smile. "Ah, my child, we shall hear of thee some day. Thou wilt have a golden coffin and a pillow of rustling notes."

A look of ecstasy crossed the countenance of Tarquin, he ceased to whimper, and his thin nose quivered as though he scented franc pieces in the air. The notary turned to François.

"Summon thy father to me," he said, "and convey my compliments to thy mother. Hasten, for I have little time to wait."

François sped into the house, and presently returned with Vantage, who swaggered as he walked, and in whose thick ears there glistened a pair of new heavily gilt rings. He assumed an air of pleasantry as his eye met that of the notary.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed. "I am glad to see monsieur this beautiful day, when even the very hawks and crows are enjoying themselves."

Bouchon, with a placid disregard of the *double-entendre* in the speech of Vantage, waved his hand affably, and responded:

"True, Monsieur Vantage; but my errand is not altogether a pleasurable one. I am at my wit's end concerning the disappearance of Therese."

François, my child," said Vantage, "thou mayest drive Toine and Trois to the field, whither I will come presently."

"My father, make Tarquin deliver to me those nuts which just now he has stolen from me."

"Be off, diabolon, or I will flay thee alive!"

François grumblingly departed, pricking up the quiet oxen with a sharp goad, and turning his head over his shoulder in order to reproach Tarquin, who, seated on the ground at the feet of his father, was counting and recounting the nuts, but refraining from eating even one, as he possessed no appetite for anything save hoarding. He appeared to be completely absorbed in his occupation.

"As I was saying," resumed the notary, eying Vantage with a strict scrutiny, "I am puzzled about this Therese."

"Truly it is sufficiently mysterious, and likely to have unpleasant consequences to monsieur. For example, the care of the unfortunate mademoiselle," said Vantage, with a look so closely allied to that of an honest man, that, had not the notary known him well, he would have esteemed him sincere.

"Yes, you are right, Vantage. But tell me, have you indeed obtained no tidings of her?"

Vantage for a moment cast about his mind for his strongest oath, and affirmed his negative answer with so round and deep-toned a malediction, that the notary had no choice but to appear satisfied.

"That is enough," he said, indifferently; "I have myself obtained a clue to her hiding-place. But it appears curious that she did not venture here before her departure. Eh, Vantage?"

"May the crows pick my bones if she has shown her face here, monsieur! The miserable old hyena!"

"Ah, it is of no consequence, as I have obtained a clue. But, stay; this is not my errand. My good Vantage, Chevaux has urged me so much to accept him as a tenant for your vineyard, that really I have been obliged to let him hope. He is a worthy creature."

Vantage looked uneasily at the notary, who gazed at Tarquin, who was again counting his spoils.

"A clue. May I inquire how monsieur obtained it?"

"It is immaterial. When can you leave your vineyard?"

Vantage frowned savagely, and his eyes blazed dully.

"Ciel!" he exclaimed; "what does monsieur want? An increased rent for the land?"

"Yes, which Chevaux has promised to pay."

"Look here, monsieur," said Vantage, facing Bouchon with an air of determination, "rather than allow that owl to dispossess me of my vineyard, I will pay to you a third more than he offered. There! Behold! Perceive!"

He plunges his hand into the pocket of his loose breeches, drags out a greasy pouch of kidskin, and, tearing it open, displays to the astonished eyes of the notary a considerable sum in gold coins, which jingle musically as he excitedly shakes them in the face of Bouchon.

Tarquin pauses in the counting of the nuts, and fixes a hungry and awed look upon the little pouch. The expression on the notary's face became so extraordinary, that Vantage immediately repeats his boastful display of riches, and hurriedly replaces the pouch in his pocket.

"I am a very poor man, monsieur," he asserts, with a trailing off of his bravado voice into a deprecatory whine, "but Bouchon, the cooper, is an uncle to my wife the most affectionate. Ah, he is a man of great heart. 'Vantage,' he observes to me only the other night, 'I have no child but thou. Shall we allow that *vaureien* Chevaux to possess himself of thy vineyard? No. Behold, here are some golden pieces which I will bestow upon thee. Take them and be happy.'"

Bouchon gazed earnestly at Vantage, and sniffed the air with an involuntary movement of his nostrils, as though there was something moving in it besides the fresh perfume of the upturned earth.

"So, monsieur perceives," continued Vantage, still uneasy under the green and twinkling eye of Bouchon, and shifting his feet in their clanking *sabots*, "that he could not with justice dispossess me for Chevaux. Monsieur le Comte would not approve."

"Vantage," said the notary, grimly, "I am at full liberty to manage the Soulanges estate at my discretion; be assured that I shall not fail to do so."

"Monsieur then declines to promise—?"

"Truly, yes. Chevaux may yet outbid thee,

and he is a man faithful and of his word. Thou perceivest?"

A peculiar and disagreeable side-glance announced that the worthy Vantage perceived and comprehended. At this instant the dog fortunately approached in order to investigate the lean legs of the notary, and Vantage was furnished a safety-valve for the malice that possessed him.

He kicked the animal so violently as to send it howling into the distance, and Tarquin, acquiring the idea that such close proximity to his father was not healthful at that moment, wriggled himself to a safe distance by some mysterious mode of progression that did not involve his rising to his feet.

"Good-day," said the notary, brusquely, and with an ill-concealed expression of disgust he turned away, when Vantage strode to his side.

"Monsieur," he said, in a low voice, though Tarquin was the sole auditor—"Monsieur no doubt imagines (with what incalculable injustice) that I am not displaying candor toward him in the mysterious affair of Therese. By all the saints, the idea is unworthy of monsieur."

"No doubt," assented the notary, dryly, "it is a most unworthy idea. Nevertheless, I entertain it."

Vantage stood sullenly still, watching him fiercely as he walked away, while the lean and silent Tarquin, rising to his feet, disappeared like a shadow round the corner of the house.

With vexation in his heart and face, Bouchon picked his way with his usual jaunty step along the road in the direction of the chateau. How far Vantage was lying to him was the riddle which perplexed him, not any doubt as to the existence of falsehood on the part of the fellow. As he walked slowly along, he endeavored in vain to arrange some plan which should lead him to the desired clue, for his boast to Vantage had been dictated by a hope of terrifying him into revealing any information he possessed on the subject. It had failed, and he was just at the point from which he started. Plunged in deep meditation, he turned into the Soulanges avenue.

A breath of the perfume of violets came from the recesses of the woods, into which the golden fingers of the sun had penetrated, waking those sweet censers of the Spring to life; a gentle breath moved the juicy boughs of the trees, already incriminated with emerald buds, and sudden trills of song poured into the balmy air as the first birds of Spring darted suddenly to the ground at his feet, in search of straws and dead leaves for their nests.

The distant cry of the peacocks reached him from the terraces, and the dried twigs crackled under the flying feet of the deer as they swept through the woods. The beauty of this lovely day failed to charm the abstracted senses of the notary, and, lost to all external objects, he pursued his way with his hands clasped behind his back, and his eyes, restless and twinkling, even in reverie roving vacantly to and fro.

In this mood he would have walked unwittingly up to the brink of a precipice, and it was not until he felt a violent tugging at his coat-tails that his thoughts returned to the outer world.

He turned briskly round, and in doing so caused the lean Tarquin, who had not relinquished his hold, to perform an involuntary pirouette.

"How, *coquin*!" began the notary; "what meanest thou—?"

But the shrill pipe of the precocious namesake of kings interrupted him.

"Hush, monsieur," he said, glancing fearfully round, and still clinging to the coat-tails of the notary. "I have somewhat to tell monsieur; but, eh! if my father perceives me, it would be truly lamentable. Here is an alley down which it would be advisable to promenade ourselves;" and before the astonished notary could decline this extraordinary proposition, the attenuated hand of Tarquin had made a feeble effort to guide him into a sequestered lane, which led into the bosom of the park.

"Heigh! heigh!" ejaculated the notary, pausing, and casting a bewildered glance at the parchment-like and tiny old visage upturned to his. "What do you want, my good child?"

"To tell monsieur something that he would wish to have," replied the precocious Tarquin, whose chest was heaving like that of an aged man, from his endeavors to overtake Bouchon. "But really monsieur must come into this alley, or I dare not stay with him."

The notary cast an appealing glance round him, as though conjuring nature to explain this phenomenon to him, and followed Tarquin into the shadow of the wood. Tarquin trotted before him like a curious locust; his red cap made a bright spot in the sombre shadows, and the rags of his blouse fluttered like pennants. Considering how diminutive was the size of the garment, it was marvelous how large the rags were.

Tarquin plunged for a considerable distance into the park, and when he considered that he had secured their interview from intrusion, he paused, and, after the fashion of a very old and feeble man, indeed, propped himself against a tree and regarded the notary with a look of profound cunning, that would not have disgraced his worthy father. While thus displaying one of the least desirable attributes of advanced life, the instincts of a child curiously reasserted their dominion.

A fine squirrel, disturbed by the presence of these two, popped from behind a tree and raced up the rough trunk to a lofty branch, where he sat peeping down at them with his bright and inquisitive eyes.

The glance of Tarquin, attracted by this spectacle, followed the tiny creature with delight; his eyes sparkled, and a bright flush lent his sallow face some faint touches of the grace of childhood; but presently the creature disappeared, and Tarquin turned his eyes back on the notary.

"He is gone!" he said; "but if I had a snare, I could possess myself of one."

"And give him those nuts which thou took from thy brother, eh?" said the notary, who felt tempted to make a study of Tarquin.

The countenance of the urchin resumed instantly its grave and cunning expression.

"Monsieur is right; the animal would require food; but François has a guinea-pig; doubtless the squirrel could share with the creature. Thus monsieur sees that I need not give him those nuts."

In this absorbing calculation of ways and means, Tarquin appeared for the moment to have forgotten his object in seeking an interview with Bouchon.

"Yes, certainly," he resumed, "François would never miss from his store what my squirrel would consume."

The expression of his eye proclaimed that he already in imagination saw himself purloining the stores of François, a phantom so agreeable, that he rubbed his tiny hands with an air of subdued glee.

"Well! well!" said the notary, rubbing his chin thoughtfully with his lean finger, "that is not improbable. But, my child, what dost thou want with me in this secluded spot?"

The squirrel instantly disappeared from the mental horizon of Tarquin, to be replaced by matters of more importance. He came nearer to the notary, and, raising himself on tiptoe, laid his finger on the sleeve of his coat, while his eyes glanced sharply and suspiciously about.

"Bend down thine ear, monsieur," he said. "Hush! was not that a step in amongst the trees?"

"No; only a bird rustling the boughs."

"Monsieur is right. Then, if monsieur will pay attention, and if monsieur has in his purse a franc piece—"

Some hours afterward, Tarquin, with a mingled air of triumph and terror, stole cautiously past the residence of his worthy parent, and, with a stealthy air, made his way to a spot behind the low stone wall which separated the vineyard on that side from the park of Soulanges. He paused at one of the crumbling buttresses, and falling on his knees in its shadow, proceeded to tear up the earth with his hands. After a moment's work, he uncovered a dingy franc piece, and hastily taking from the bosom of his ragged blouse a new and shining coin of the same value, he placed it in the hole and covered it up, carefully sprinkling over the freshly disturbed earth a good supply of dry leaves and twigs.

In a few moments he entered the house with an air of innocence.

"Where hast thou been, little Imp?" queried his mother, who was boiling a thin soup of beans for dinner.

"In the woods of Soulanges, *ma mère*, where I beheld a truly gigantic squirrel, which I shall beg of François to snare for me."

"Ah, thou art a good child, my little cat, and can be trusted not to get into mischief."

"Truly, yes, *ma mère*. I am hungry after my ramble. Wilt thou not give me some of that nice soup before the others arrive?"

"Truly, yes; and here is some bread, my little Tarquin."

Undisturbed by the pangs of conscience, the little Tarquin made a hearty meal, tranquilly dreaming meanwhile of his enriched store behind the boundary-wall of the Vantage vineyard.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—SHADOWY SUSPICIONS.

WHEN the sight of the geologist became accustomed to the dimness of the ruin, he perceived at the further end of the apartment in which he stood the form of Rosetta stretched on the floor in the attitude of one dead or unconscious, and with an ejaculation of alarm he rushed to her side, even in so doing casting a rapid glance round the gloomy spot in order to ascertain what had alarmed her; but the place was utterly quiet, and not a sound disturbed the intense stillness.

As he gained her side, the eyes of Rosetta opened, and as consciousness returned, it appeared to bring with it almost preternatural strength.

Hardly seeming to observe that it was a stranger who bent over her, Rosetta raised herself from the floor, and, pointing to a gap in the wall near which she had fallen, exclaimed:

"There!—he went that way!"

"Who, *mam'selle*?" inquired the geologist, glancing eagerly round. "Where is the ruffian who alarmed you?"

Rosetta was fearfully agitated: her breath came in long gasping sobs, and the pupils of her eyes were enormously dilated. She wrung her hands in a passion of distress, and flew toward the gap, exclaiming:

"He will escape! he will escape!"

Considerably alarmed at her wild manner, the geologist sprang after her and seized her arm.

"Do not be rash," he said, in a tone of command; "return to *mam'selle*, and I will instantly pursue the wretch."

A sudden change passed over the countenance of Rosetta; she freed her arm from his grasp with a sudden movement.

"He is gone!" she said, bitterly. "It would be useless to pursue him now."

"Then let us go to *mam'selle*, who is trembling on your account," said the geologist; "I shall not leave you until I see you in safety."

He extended his hand to her, but she waved him back.

"Go," she said; "I shall endeavor to see which way he went."

"This is incomprehensible," said the old geologist. "Mam'selle herself was alarmed in this spot but a short time since, while I, who rove here at all hours, have been undisturbed."

Unheeding the words, Rosetta stepped rapidly toward the ragged aperture; but at this moment the anxious voice of Julie called her name, and Rosetta paused.

"Take her away," she said, looking back to the geologist, who was rubbing his brown

fingers through his wiry white hair with an air of considerable perturbation; "I shall not leave this spot until I have discovered where that fiend is lurking."

There was an expression of such intense determination about the face of Rosetta, that the old man instantly saw that his interference would not avail in changing her resolution; and, much embarrassed by his position, he stood gazing at her as she paused for an instant, and glanced back at Julie, who, pale as the "White Ladies," stood looking into the cottage from the crumbling threshold.

"Speak to her, mam'selle," entreated the geologist. "I cannot permit you to remain alone while I seek this villain, neither can I allow your companion to risk an encounter with him."

Julie's eyes expanded with terror, and she stretched out her hands to Rosetta while shrinking back from the ghostly gloom of the ruin.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you have seen that terrible being—is it not so?"

"Yes," said Rosetta, gloomily; "and I no longer wonder at your terror."

"Come away, Rosetta," urged Julie, entreatingly; "you are not the proper person to pursue this mysterious being; and, though I am shuddering with terror, I shall not leave you if you persist in your design."

The geologist glanced admiringly at Julie through his azure spectacles, and Rosetta hesitated.

"Well," she observed, after a moment's reflection, "I will go with you, but I'm determined on at once informing Monsieur Bouchon and my lord of this affair."

"The young English milord of whom I have heard?" said the geologist, turning to Julie and looking at her intently.

Julie, to whose ears the idle gossip concerning her marriage with Dorion had, of course, penetrated, blushed painfully as she answered, with more coldness and hauteur than she had ever displayed in her life:

"Yes, the same, monsieur."

The tone so plainly said, "I consider that your question is impertinent," that the geologist who was evidently a gentleman, apologized by a deep and silent bow. Julie's color deepened again. It was infinite pain to her to imagine that in the most trifling degree she had wounded the susceptibilities of another.

"Monsieur must think me the most ungrateful of beings," she said, sweetly, "not to return him thanks for this second service; but if monsieur will have the kindness to return with me to the Château Soulanges, my cousin will not be so remiss."

"I shall have much pleasure in escorting mam'selle to the château," said the old gentleman, stilly; and, offering his arm to Julie, he led her away from the ruin, followed slowly and reluctantly by Rosetta, whose glance was directed backward toward it as she walked after them.

"Where is Lutin?" suddenly inquired Julie, stopping, and looking round in search of her little favorite.

Rosetta started, paused, and exclaiming, "Oh! I had forgotten!" ran back toward the ruin, while Julie and her escort gazed after her in surprise.

She vanished over the threshold, and almost instantly reappeared, bearing in her arms something white and motionless. Despite her courage, her breath was coming and going swiftly as she joined Mademoiselle Soulanges, and the bounding of the heart was visible beneath the tight, trim jacket.

"Here," she said, extending her hands, "is poor Lutin."

An exclamation broke from the geologist, and a cry of terror and surprise from Julie.

"Oh! what is this?" she said, as her eyes fell on the poor little animal. "He is dead. How did it happen?"

In truth, the luckless and brave Lutin was a corpse; his snowy curls dyed with blood, his feathery tail drooping, and a wound on his little head from which the blood was still oozing.

Rosetta glanced back at the ruin.

"He did it!" she said, shortly.

Julie turned her head away in order that they might not see the tears that sprang into her eyes, and the eyes of the geologist sparkled through his spectacles. He swung his hammer ominously.

"The villain!" he muttered; "I will rap his head, whoever he may be, with my little friend here."

His accents, though not intended for Julie's ear, reached it.

"You must not, indeed, monsieur," she said, in her eagerness laying one of her little white hands for a second on his arm; "my cousin, and Monsieur Bouchon, who is in charge of the estate, will, no doubt, instantly rid the spot of its unpleasant visitor. How foolish I was not to mention my former adventure to them!"

"Humph!" said the geologist, walking on without again offering his arm to Julie, "allow me to carry the corpse of the lamented Lutin, as I presume mam'selle does not wish to leave it here."

Rosetta allowed him to take the body of the dog, but refused decidedly to give any details of what had occurred in the ruin; and, finding that her moody reticence was not to be disturbed, Julie and the geologist walked slowly on in profound silence.

An unaccountable feeling of shyness closed Julie's lips, and she found herself blushing whenever she met the eye of the geologist, which occasionally darted on her a keen and penetrating glance, and she experienced a sensation of inexplicable relief when, as they emerged from the shadow of the wood, they encountered the notary, proceeding in the direction of the château, his head in the air, and a smile of triumph on his sharp visage.

His eyes twinkled with amazement as the two approached, and Julie, quitting her companions, ran toward him, directing his attention

to the luckless Lutin, and in a breath introducing the geologist to his notice, and recounting their adventure.

This was the first occasion on which Bouchon had encountered the geologist, and, as was natural, he surveyed him closely. He was standing in the sunlight of the open avenue, and the old naturalist had not yet emerged from the shadow of the trees, so that Bouchon found it necessary to shade his eyes with his hand in order to obtain a clear view of him, an action the geologist evidently resented as an impertinence, for he drew his fine, stalwart old form to its full height, and remained stationary, returning the glance of the notary with a haughty and fixed gaze, which apparently rendered the little man somewhat uneasy, for an unusual red dyed his parchment cheeks, and his eyes glittered.

He advanced hastily to the geologist, who drew back somewhat at his approach.

"Come, monsieur," he said, earnestly, "let me urge you to return with us to the château, in order that we may hear at leisure this extraordinary adventure."

"I cannot do myself the honor," said the old gentleman, in the measured tones in which he always spoke.

"Then will monsieur favor us with his place of residence, in order that Lord Rosclerra may in person thank him for his care of Mam'selle Soulanges and her *femme-de-chambre*? Milord would esteem it a privilege."

"At present I am domiciled at the 'Garland of Bacchus,' kept by Maitre Cœuvres, with whom you are doubtless acquainted. But as my conduct to mam'selle was only dictated by the most—"

"By the most disinterested courtesy," prompted the notary; "truly, yes. Proceed, monsieur."

"I was about to observe," continued the old gentleman, in his loftiest and most formal manner, "that that so trifling an act of mere politeness does not merit such an honor as Milord Rosclerra condescending to visit me at my humble abode, which, moreover, I purpose leaving almost immediately."

"Indeed, monsieur," interposed Julie, timidly, "you misunderstand my cousin. She would have added, 'Meet him, and you will know him better;' but something chained her tongue, and she cast her eyes down, and remained silent."

Rosetta was standing idly by, taking no notice of the group, but frowning at the ground and biting her crimson lips, in a brown study.

The geologist bowed profoundly, and, handing the corpse of Lutin to the notary, with a keen glance at Julie, walked slowly and stilly away.

As they proceeded toward the château, Julie told the notary the details of the adventure with which she was acquainted; but, on appealing to Rosetta to supply the missing links, she decidedly declined, saying that to no one but Lord Rosclerra would she say a word on the subject. Her extraordinary reticence annoyed the notary no less than it astonished Julie, who felt also somewhat annoyed at the lack of confidence in her displayed by her favorite.

The notary drew from Julie an account of her former adventure at the ruin, and listened with interest to her vivid description of the odious countenance which had alarmed her on that occasion, while Rosetta, walking a pace or two behind, listened to them with a set and gloomy countenance, from which one could read nothing.

The notary seemed in high spirits, rallied mam'selle on her two encounters with the geologist, and composed a witty and sentimental epitaph on the stiffening body of the luckless Lutin, which, with tears in her eyes, Julie laughed at.

Julie was not unlike an English April in her disposition, but with the sunshine vastly predominant.

On the terrace they observed Dorion, seated on the low parapet, reading; and, turning to Rosetta, Julie directed her attention to him.

"You can go to Lord Rosclerra now," she said, a little coldly; "we shall not interrupt any disclosure you may have to make." But, to her surprise, Rosetta's rich color faded to a deadly pallor; and, while a look of terror crept into the eyes turned on the unconscious form of the earl, she whispered: "Not yet—not now; I cannot, cannot do it."

She appeared to speak rather to herself than to Julie, and, turning from Mam'selle Soulanges, she walked hastily away in the direction of the servants' entrance, while Julie, followed by Bouchon carrying the gory Lutin, ran up the terrace-steps, and stood before Dorion ere he was aware, for his head was bent closely over the paper, and he had not heard the light step flying toward him over the unechoing marble.

Julie's cheeks were dyed with excitement to a living rose; her blue eyes sparkled; and her bright hair, loosened from its velvet bands, quivered and trembled round her shoulders. With a gesture peculiar to her when about to speak, she stretched her hands out very slightly, and thus arrested his attention.

He started, and glanced hurriedly at her, and she was not slow to observe that his face wore a singularly gloomy expression, which did not lighten as his eyes rested on her, though he glanced with surprise at the notary, who advanced toward them, bearing Lutin in his arms.

The momentary excitement of Julie's manner gave way instantly to one of deep gravity as she met Dorion's glance, and, instead of speaking, she regarded him with an air of deep solicitude.

"My aunt is not worse?" she said, anxiously.

"No," said Dorion, occupying himself in folding the paper, "decidedly not worse, Julie. But what has happened to Lutin? Has he been in the wars?"

Julie's eyes sparkled angrily, as on occasion they could.

"Yes," she said; "he has been killed in a manner the most cowardly! Oh, Dorion! you must immediately assist Monsieur Bouchon in driving his murderer from the shelter of the Soulanges estate, where he is lurking."

"What is this?" queried Dorion, appealing to Bouchon, who, leaning against the pedestal of a laughing Flora, gazed thoughtfully at the wounds of the brave Lutin. "Who has dared to insult Mam'selle Soulanges?"

His wide, fair forehead darkened angrily. His glance acquired a sudden fire, and had Victor La Grange beheld him at this moment, he would have considered his jealous fears well founded.

The notary shrugged his lean shoulders, and glanced from Lutin to Dorion.

"Who, indeed?" he ejaculated. "If milord could find that out, I should feel infinitely obliged to him."

Dorion turned to Julie, mutely asking an explanation, which she hastened to give him so far as she herself was acquainted with the details of the adventure, and concluded: "You must inquire of Rosetta concerning the rest of the affair, which she declares that she will only acquaint you with."

"Me!" said Dorion, in astonishment. "What can the girl mean? Surely, I know nothing about the surroundings of the neighborhood. I am not likely to be acquainted with the mysterious inhabitant of the forester's lodge."

"Truly," said the notary, "this little Rosetta is as mysterious as she is pretty."

"Mysterious!" exclaimed Dorion, with an air of anger which Julie had never before observed in him. "Nonsensical, rather. I really can't understand such foolish caprices. But where is she? I must see her immediately."

"So I would advise," said the notary, thoughtfully. "Mam'selle, how shall I dispose of the body of this estimable and heroic animal?"

Julie looked sorrowfully at the body of her favorite.

"I have a pretty carton," she said, "in which I shall lay him, and then he shall be buried under the myrtles in the Cavaliers' Bower. May I trouble monsieur to carry him into the château?"

"I am at the service of mam'selle to the utmost limits of the habitable globe," said the notary, bowing.

"Pray, let me look at the animal," said Dorion, taking Lutin from the notary, and, placing it on the broad parapet of the terrace, he proceeded carefully to examine the gaping wound in the head of the little creature.

"See," he said, directing the attention of the notary to it, "he was killed by one blow from a heavy stick or blunt instrument. There is no ghostly work here. The cowardly rascal!"

Dorion's British spirit revolted at the coward blow that had evidently deprived the harmless little creature of life, and when once his calm was disturbed, his language was apt to become emphatic.

"I have been away from my aunt too long," said Julie. "Dorion, shall I send Rosetta to you in the library?"

"If you will be so kind."

Julie tripped away lightly, motioning to the notary to follow her; but, before he went, he touched Lord Rosclerra on the arm. "Question her thoroughly," he said, in a low and earnest voice. "There is more, much more, in this than meets the eye."

"I am waiting for you, Monsieur Bouchon."

"And I, mam'selle, am following you as the moth pursues the candle."

Dorion stood looking after his cousin and the notary with an air of bewilderment. He rubbed his forehead briskly, as though to dispel the mist in which he began to find himself involved. He pulled his long, tawny mustache, and actually indulged in the un-British gesture of shrugging his wide shoulders.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, "I can't understand things of late. I feel exactly as I used when I was shooting in the Highlands, and got lost in a regular Scotch mist. What in the world could Rosetta, who was never out of Rosclerra in her life, know of these people? But, for all that, the affair must be looked into."

He leant against the parapet in profound thought, and, after a few moments thus employed, went into the château, and proceeded to the library, where he found Rosetta awaiting him. The dim light, of a pale rose hue, streaming in through the stained windows, did not prevent her remarkable pallor from striking him as he entered, and, imagining that she was suffering from the effects of the fright, he placed a chair for her, and kindly bade her be seated.

She declined the chair with a slight gesture, and remained standing, with her hand leaning on the massive table that occupied the centre of the apartment. Her back was toward the windows which lighted the room, but Dorion had left the door partially open, and a clear band of light fell from it across her face.

"Well, Rosie," said Dorion, kindly, as he threw himself wearily into a huge, morocco-covered chair, "I hear that you wish to speak to me about this adventure of yours; but how comes it that you won't tell any one but me?"

Rosetta remained silent. She looked steadfastly at the ground, and drew in the corner of her full underlip between her white and glittering teeth.

Dorion looked at her in surprise. Had he been in the least a coxcomb, he might have explained her agitation in a manner very pleasing to his vanity, but as it was, he was simply surprised, and a little annoyed.

"Come," he said, still kindly, for he was ever gentle to women, "do not hurry yourself; take time, and tell me what you know of this mysterious affair."

He leant his brow on his hand with an air of weariness, which did not escape Rosetta, though she was not looking directly at him. Her breast heaved, and a flush of deep agitation

crept into her cheeks. She clasped her hands tightly together. Twice she attempted to speak, and each time stopped with a kind of shudder. Dorion waited patiently for her to commence.

"I have nothing to tell you, my lord," she said, so abruptly that Dorion started. "I saw the same face seen before by Mam'selle Soulanges, and I did not wish to increase her alarm by dwelling on the subject to her. That is all."

Despite the firm tones of her voice, the well-controlled gleam of her fine dark eyes, which met his in a steady gaze, Dorion felt convinced that she was not dealing openly with him.

He raised himself from his lounging posture in the chair, and looked at her with so strong an expression of disbelief in his darkening face, that Rosetta could not fail to read it plainly. For an instant the firm resolve of lip and brow wavered, yet only for an instant, to become more fixed than ever; but she carefully avoided the penetrating glance fixed on her by Dorion, whose patience was rapidly giving way. (To be continued.)

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

THE Czarevitch of Russia is ill with the typhus fever.

THE death is announced of Mgr. Volegra, Patriarch of Jerusalem.

A NUMBER of Chinese bricklayers have arrived at Marshall, Texas.

GAMBETTA apprehends a serious ministerial crisis in France next month.

THE Khan of Khiva has summoned auxiliary tribes to assist him against Russia.

YACHTSMEN will run on large sloops and small schooners during the yachting season of 1873.

THE Hon. James L. Orr, the new Minister to St. Petersburg, takes his departure early in January.

A BODY of over 10,000 acres of land has been secured for a colony in Dickinson County, Kan.

JERSEY papers are discussing a proposition to call a convention to consider the State Constitution.

THE Empress of Russia is soon expected to visit Naples, accompanied by a fleet of Russian war-vessels.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN has declined a public banquet on taking leave of the Executive Mansion at Albany.

THE manufacture of Portland cement is about to be commenced, on an extensive scale, in Baltimore.

OF the Italian immigrants lately arrived at New York, 235 have left for Richmond, Va., to work on railroads.

It is expected that extensive steel works will be soon established in St. Louis by the aid of Pittsburgh capital.

A BILL providing for the emancipation of the slaves in Porto Rico has been presented in the Spanish Senate.

GENERAL SANFORD, formerly United States Minister to Belgium, has founded a flourishing Swedish colony in Florida.

HARVARD is turning its attention to the fine old game of football, and wants to establish some inter-collegiate rules.

THE Madras Government have decided to construct a breakwater at the city of Madras, at an estimated cost of \$6,800,000.

THE demand for hand-made lace has improved in Europe, and the skilled lace-makers of France are busily employed.

JEWELL COUNTY, Kan., where the wild bison pranced in all freedom two years ago, is now the abode of 6,000 sturdy pioneers.

THE Princess Louise has been made president of the English National Union for the improvement of the education of women.

It is suggested that a Free Memorial Library be erected in New York to the memory of the Poor Man's Friend, Horace Greeley.

NEARLY 3,000 English clergymen have petitioned Archbishop Tait for permission to omit the Athanasian creed from their services.

CALIFORNIA abolished days of grace on promissory notes on New Year's Day, and also gave Chinamen the right of legal testimony.

It is proposed to appoint a State Forester in Nebraska, who shall see to the preservation of her forests, and diffuse information on tree planting.

THE heaviest brain on record was recently found in the skull of a London bricklayer who could neither read nor write. Its weight was 67 ounces.

At the great international show at Vienna, the great and good Baron von Schwarzenborn has volunteered to take charge of 50,000 of the infants.

GLADSTONE is as enthusiastic a tree cultivator as was Horace Greeley, and spends much of his time trimming saplings at Howarden, his Chappaqua.

THE French Prefect of Pau has issued an order forbidding Spaniards to sojourn in the Department of the Basses-Pyrenees, without written permission.

It is reported that the President favors the extinguishment of the Government of Wyoming and the partition of its area among the surrounding Territories.

It is stated that lithographic stone, which has hitherto been obtained exclusively from Bavaria, has been found in large quantities in Rockbridge County, Va.

MAINE has some people, as well as Vermont, who ask the Legislature to make the membership of secret organizations a challengeable disqualification for sitting on juries.

ROBIN, a distinguished member of the Institute, has been struck from the jury list in France, because he acknowledged that he did not believe in the existence of a God.

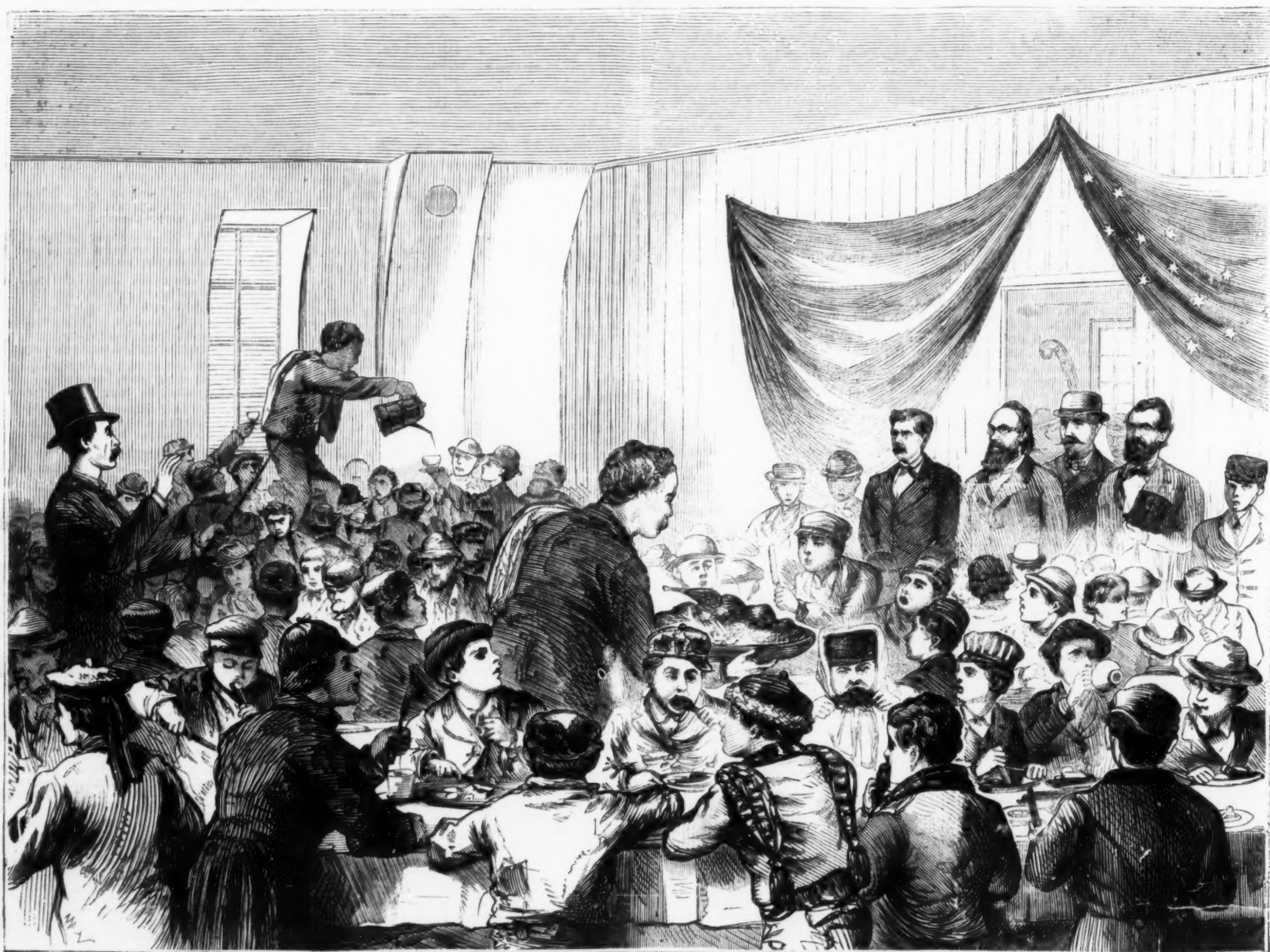
SUCCESSFUL experiments in silk-worm culture have been made at Beaufort, S. C., and the experimenter is coming North to seek encouragement for enlarged operations.

A PITTSBURGH paper wants a real printer's monument to Horace Greeley, to be cast from worn-out type, which newspaper offices from all over the country can contribute, and to be mounted on a granite base.

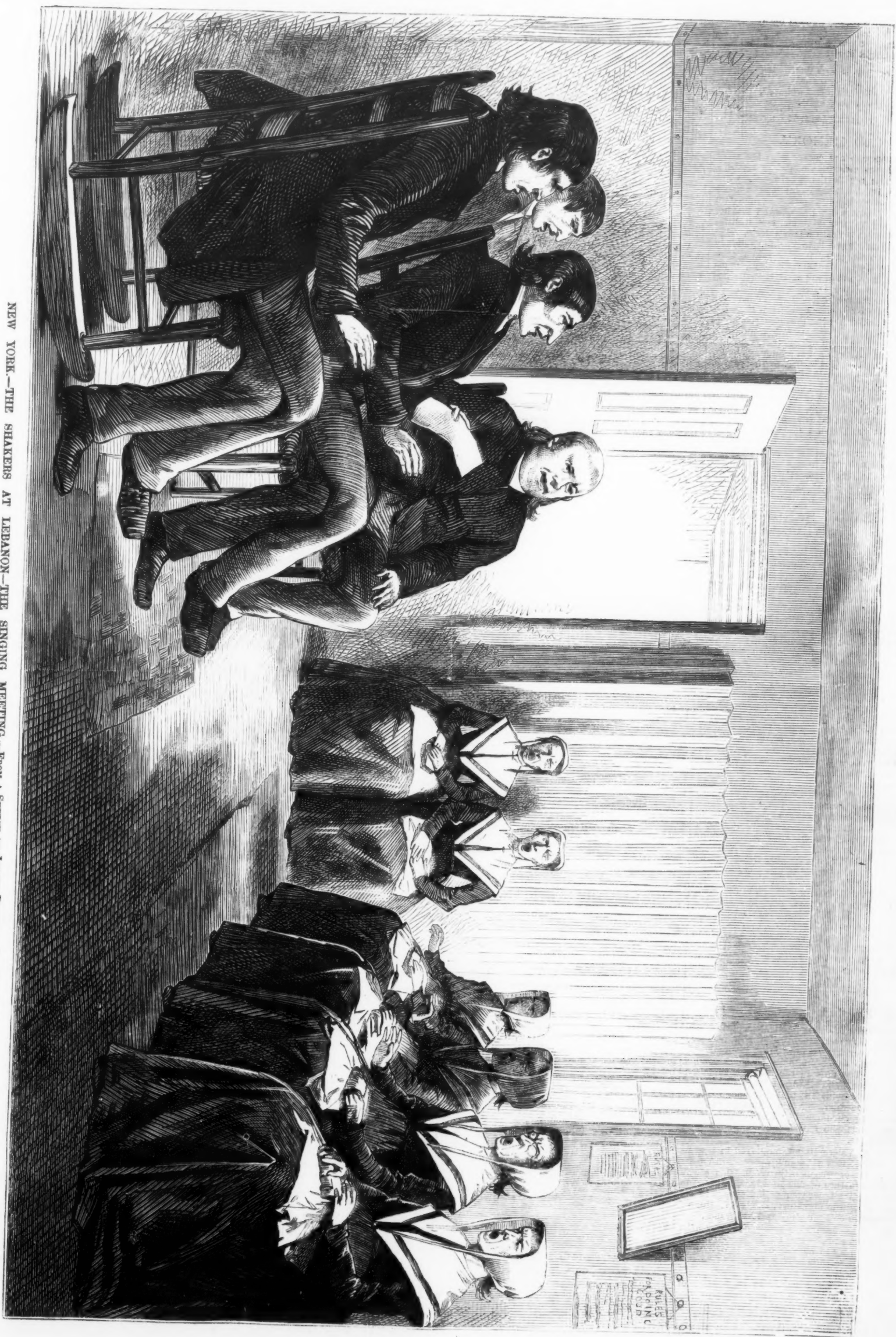
Six professional nines are announced to be in the ball field next season. The Boston Club will include Gould, Rogers, the two Wrights, Barnes, Schaffer, Leonard and Spaulding, with Hicks or Allison for catcher. McVey retires.



NEW YORK.—THE SHAKERS AT LEBANON ENJOYING A SLEIGH-RIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH DECKER.—SEE PAGE 283.



NEW JERSEY.—ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DINNER GIVEN TO THE NEWSBOYS BY THE PROPRIETORS OF THE "JERSEY CITY JOURNAL," AT COOPER'S HALL, JERSEY CITY.—SEE PAGE 287.



NEW YORK.—THE SHAKERS AT LEBANON—THE SINGING MEETING.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 286.

## SERENADE.

STILL slumber on, nor let this song  
Disturb thy calm repose;  
May watchful angels round thee throng  
Till morning's eyes uncloise.

Yes, slumber on, but through thy dreams  
May music gently glide,  
Like sunlight into shaded streams,  
Or starlight o'er the tide.

Sweet be those dreams till morning break  
And sunrise flood the plain,  
Then memory like a bird will wake,  
And sing my song again.

## BAD MEMORY.

THOSE even who are cursed with the most treacherous memories generally retain a pretty accurate recollection where dollars are concerned. But there are exceptions to every rule, and a curious one recently occurred in Paris. One Madame Le Brun, when leaving the Vincennes railway station, saw a little packet drop from beneath a lady's dress. She picked it up and gave it to her, but the lady denied all knowledge of it, and said that it could not be hers. Madame Le Brun, much puzzled, spoke to one of the officials at the station. He opened the mysterious parcel, and found that it contained about \$4,000. Madame Le Brun then rushed once more after the lady, who came back protesting that it wasn't hers; presently, however, the recollection suddenly flashed across her that her mother, who had recently made a great deal of money, gave her a present, a day or two before, of the sum in question; but, knowing that her daughter was going to pay several visits, took the precaution of sewing the packet of notes into her petticoats—an attention which, had it been effectively carried out by a more vigorous ply of the needle and thread, would seem to have been by no means ill-bestowed in the case of a lady who totally forgets in a few hours a packet of \$4,000. It is not every one who, when losing money, has the luck to meet with a Madame Le Brun.

## SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

IT is nothing less than marvelous that a man who wrote as he wrote—and, altogether, no man ever wrote like him—that a poet, the author of such plays and such poems; that a man possessing so many friends and admirers, with whom his correspondence must have been extensive, should not have left a single line behind him traced by his own hand. Of all his poems and plays there does not exist a page, a line, a single word, in manuscript. All Shakespeare's manuscript plays could not have perished in the fire which destroyed the Globe Theatre. The author must have made little account of them himself; but how great would our estimation be of a single act of any one of Shakespeare's plays, in his own handwriting! We have just now among us a parallel to the tulip mania. Thousands of dollars are willingly paid for a picture which the same number of dimes would once have purchased. Rather, let us say that the dimes were given for the picture, and that the dollars by thousands are given for the painter's name. Well, what would not be willingly paid (for the sake of Shakespeare's name) for the original manuscript, say of "Hamlet"? There would be a fierce fight among competitors for even a single passage. We fancy the lines beginning with "The quality of mercy is not strained," or those that open with "She never told her love," and hundreds of others, could not be had for dollars covering each letter. What a contention there would be for the first love-letter, addressed to any one. A costly holograph! Alas! there are neither lines nor letters. All that has been saved of Shakespeare's handwriting is confined to a couple of signatures of his name to certain deeds, and in those subscriptions the name is spelled differently. Even the forgers have not dared to produce a letter by Shakespeare.

## A SUFFERER BY CELEBRITY.

THE *Gazette de Paris* publishes a curious extract from an album of the year 1842, which, if veritable, shows how strangely M. Victor Hugo has been made to suffer for his celebrity. The note in the album is supposed to be in the handwriting of Hugo himself, as its contents point to that personage as its author. The following is a translation of this complaining document: "List of persons of all conditions who have done me the honor to use my name.

"1st. M. Valere Hugot, employed in a commercial firm, does not sign his penname Valere in full. He crowns it with a V in such a way that the signature of this Monsieur, in case the 't' is indistinctly written or disappears in the flourishes of the signature, reads 'V. Hugo'; this measure cost me one day 1,500 francs.

"2d. Mlle. Josephine Hugo, daughter of a worthy porter of the Rue Chanoinesse, thought proper to play in comedy under the name of Victorine Hugo. She drew crowds and achieved a great success at the St. Antoine Theatre; she was thought by the public to be a sister of mine whom I had left to poverty.

"3d. M. Adolphe Hugo, a musician who plays upon the flute, announced himself on posters as A. Hugo. He is taken for my brother Abel.

"4th. M. Felix Hugo, a tailor, signs himself, in the circular which he distributes, 'Felix Hugo.' He is probably thought to be my cousin.

"5th. M. Hugot, an innkeeper at the corner of the bridge of Neuilly, leaves out the 't' on his signboard, and calls himself simply Hugo.

"6th. An actor whom I met at Amiens, with

more hardihood, calls himself 'Victor Hugo. He appears in the utility business.

"7th. A *gamin* of Paris, a match-vender, had himself condemned, the other day, for vagrancy, under the name of 'Victor Hugo.' An *embarras des Hugos*, truly!

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE most infectious thing in existence—Catching-nation.

STRANGE!—The heaviest speeches don't always have the greatest weight.

Why is a prima donna like a jeweler?—Because she may be called a dealer in precious stones.

WHAT is the difference between a forward minx and a shot rabbit?—One's over-bold and the other's bowled over.

A NEGRO lately died. The neighbors said he was a blackamoor. We contend that he was not a blacky more, but a blacky less.

MISTRESS—"I did not ring, Mary." Mary—"I know that, mum; but as I was moping in the kitchen, I thought I'd come and sit a bit with you."

A CAPTIVATING one of our acquaintance has just told her young man, who is backward in coming forward, that she won't be kept a waiting any longer.

A YOUNG yachtsman writes to ask what is the proper season for pitching his boat. Take it out the next rough day and manage in yourself; the wind will soon pitch it over for you.

AN aristocratic tailor is engaged in evolving a suit of clothes to consist entirely of a cravat that will wind about the body from neck to ankle, and be fastened with a diamond pin.

A WESTERN paper has this delicate personal item: "Those who know nice old Mr. Wilson, of this place, personally, will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner last week, but was not killed."

SUCH IS LIFE!—Brown—"How is your wife, Jones?" Jones (with the wine glass)—"Poorly—always is poorly. She's afraid she's going to die, and I'm afraid she isn't, so I've got a deuced pleasant time of it, altogether."

TAKING A RISE OUT OF HIM.—Lady—"I see that you have advanced the price of your carter, Mr. Camera." Mr. Camera—"Most reluctantly, m'm; everything we use is rising daily." Lady—"Not forgetting the sun, I presume, Mr. Camera."

THE Titusville Press tells the story of a nocturnal serenader, who sang, "When the moon is shi-hi-hi-nig o'er the la-lake, Oh, the'hen I'll th-hi-hi-hi-hink of thee-ee ee!" The music aroused a dog about the size of a four-barrel, and the musician is doing as well as could be expected.

"Are you going to make a flower-bed here, Judkins?" asked a young lady of the gardener. "Yes, mum, them's the borders," answered the gardener. "Why, it'll quite spoil our croquet-ground!" "Can't help it, mum; them's your pa's borders; he says as 'ow to hev it laid out, for 'orticultural, not for 'usbandry!"

A MISSOURIAN who stole a kiss from a pretty girl was fined by a magistrate, horsewhipped by her brother, and hurried into the brain-fever by his wife. The clergyman also alluded to the affair in a sermon; the local editor took sides with the clergyman and reviewed the case in print, and the potato-bug ate up every blade of the malefactor's wheat.

NOT TOO PARTICULAR.—Emmeline—"Dear me! that is a charming song. It's quite new to me. Have you ever heard it before, Algy?" Algy—"Yaas, think I have—one of Arthur Sullivan's, I believe—something about lies—'The snow-white lies,' or 'The white snow lies,' or 'The snow lies white,' I don't recollect which, and it's all the same!"

THE SECOND BREW.—Bon Vivant—"There! don't y' find that warms the cockles o' yer heart, old man—eh?" Friend Drabshorts—"Well—ahem! Ver-ily, my friend, since these kindly ma-kest inquiry, I am free to confess that I do begin to expect something like a sen-sa-tion of te-pid-i-ty, as it were, per-va-ding the re-gi-on which these so jocu-lar ly in-di-ca-test!"

NEW HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE.—A party who proposes to publish a new housekeeper's guide sends the following extracts from the forthcoming work: "Plain sauce—an interview with a railway clerk. To make a good jam—ask any horse-car conductor. To boil tongue—drink scalding coffee. To make a good broil—leave a letter from one of your sweethearts where your wife can find it."

## REPORT ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

[Dispatch to the Associated Press.]

WASHINGTON, December 16.—The Commission appointed to inspect the Minnesota Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad, prior to its acceptance by the Government, made their report to the Secretary of the Interior substantially as follows: "The section examined is found to be well located, both with reference to through and local traffic. The grades are light, three-fourths of the distance being below the average of thirty feet. The sharpest curve is three degrees in a radius of two thousand feet. The embankments and excavations are within the requirements of the law. The ballasting is well done with gravel. The rolling-stock is uniformly of excellent quality, and in good condition, and is amply sufficient for all present and near requirements. The engine-houses and repair-shops are deemed to be adequate. The passenger and freight stations are specially commended for their neat and tasteful appearance. Mention is made of the emigrant-houses at Branard, Glynden and Duluth, as being constructed with the furniture and cooking utensils, for the free use of those intending to settle on the Company's or the Government's lands. The snow-fence, water-stations and telegraph-lines are considered ample for their purposes." The report closes as follows: "Having found this portion of the road to be judiciously located, well constructed and adequately equipped, and believing that it substantially meets the requirements of both the letter and spirit of the law and department regulations, the Commission recommends its acceptance by the Government." The report covers a distance of 228 miles.

## FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. DR. W. TORRENCE, New York, uses her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine for her own family sewing, and, besides doing her housework, earned more than a dollar per day as pastime. See the new improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

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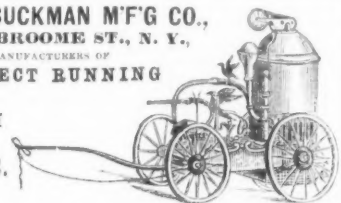
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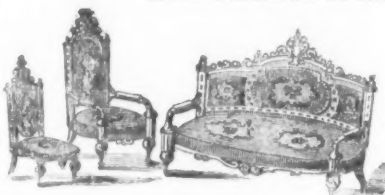
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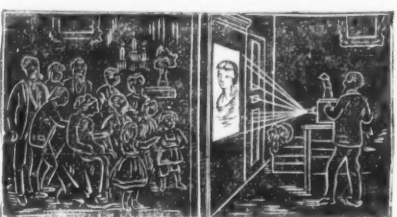
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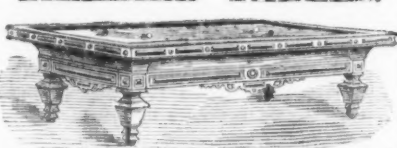
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